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Around Town.

Lord Stanley of Preston was the first sensation of the week. It shows how barren our lives are of excitement when the advent of an official of whom, outside of his rank, nothing more can be truthfully said than that he is a genial though common-place gentleman, produces such a flutter. He is the son of a great man, and the brother of another more or less great, but of greatness he has himself nothing, except we attribute to him a greatness of heart, which in other words is to say that he is a good fellow, and you know that is the remark always passed about those of whom we can say nothing more complimentary. This, however, in a Governor-General is a great deal. The office does not require either genius or statesmanship. The routine of office and general knowledge of state-craft which he acquired as a British Cabinet Minister, are ample sufficient to keep him from blunders. Sins of commission are all that are to be feared in a political sense, for the Governor-General is brought here to do nothing, and he exceeds his duty if he does more. Socially, however, Canadians have before now been wounded to the core, if people ever are wounded in that locality, because the social figure-head of the Dominion has had an impertinent aide-de-camp, or because the Governor himself has been too starchy. Everybody remembers the Lorne regime and Colonel De Winton and his "low-neck" edict which was but a sample of the snobbery of which he seemed so dangerously fond.

Everybody loved Lord Dufferin because he had the knack of saying sweet things in season and out of season, he could be waked out of his bed at three o'clock in the morning by a deputation who desired to present a long-winded and rubbishy address, and in his bed-gown and night-cap make a most charming reply which would be remembered by every one in the delegation as a personal compliment to himself.

Lord Lansdowne, too, though very stiff and precise and very little of the jolly fellow, made an excellent impression, as did his amiable wife who looked so remarkably scrawny in a low-necked dress. Dufferin, Lorne and Lansdowne were all easy speakers, the first an orator, the second self-possessed and of pleasant delivery, the latter cultured and thoughtful. Lord Stanley of Preston is an exceedingly poor speaker and lacks even the self-possession which one would suppose his aristocratic birth and training, together with his official experience, would have given him. He hesitates and stumbles over his ideas, and at the pavilion was even guilty of saying "evenin'". The latter pleased me very much as that is the way I very frequently pronounce it myself, forgetting that I live in a larger settlement than the clearing in which I was born. Coupled with these peculiarities, while speaking he picks at the skirt of his coat, makes a feeble motion of the hand over his mouth and beard, and nervously feels the scanty locks on the top of his head, as if anxious to know whether any of his hair is peeling off. These things, however, will rather endear him to the mass of Canadians who are not at all fond of finding the Governor-General too superior a person, and I think, as a rule, will feel delighted to know that he doesn't appear to any greater advantage than the majority of ourselves. Then, again, when he speaks he has a pleasant smile, and seems such a decent, amiable sort of a fellow, that you can't help getting in sympathy with him to a certain extent, and this produces a fraternal anxiety to see him do better than he apparently knows how. He is a large man, and that is in his favor, particularly as he does not lack the gracefulness of size which conveys the idea of well-bred good nature. In a great many respects he bears a very strong likeness to our well-known townsmen Frank Turner, C.E.

One thing is certain, Lord Stanley of Preston made an exceedingly good impression in Toronto, and if Toronto has not made good impression on Lord Stanley of Preston he is hard to impress. The city turned out to do him honor in great style, and for fear anything might escape his notice the addresses which were poured into his weary ears with monotonous reiteration recited our undying loyalty, unswerving allegiance and heart-felt sympathy, earnest hope, distinguished son of noble sire, vast resources of country, same blood, common stock, progressive institutions, industrious population, thriving industries, and many other more or less sterling impulses of which we are not made aware only at stated seasons when the advent of vice-royalty leads us into fits of introspection and when pen in hand we scratch our heads for ideas for an address. The committees on addresses have done their duty nobly, and with excellent taste and an expert knowledge of just how much the human system can endure, they brought Lord Stanley of Preston to the brink of the grave and yet let him escape alive. A joint committee of the various committees should have presented him with a congratulatory address at his departure, expressing their undying joy that he had survived the infliction of so much twaddle. For fear this little attention has been omitted I now feel free to state to his Excellency that I "view with alarm" these rhetorical attacks upon his health and happiness, and "point with pride" to the fact he, the "distinguished son of a noble sire" has "come through the ordeal" with "true British pluck" and "heroic endurance," which indicate that "the British nation" and

the "bone and sinew" of the Empire are not degenerating. With these few remarks I would now take my seat on the Governor-General question, but there is very little else to write about.

As a postscript I might add that nothing is more astonishing to me than the remarkable anxiety of the average man and woman to see the Governor-General. They will not only walk untold distances, journey in crowded street cars from the orient to the occident, but will actually run, crowd, push and almost commit felonious assault on other sight-seers in order to get a glimpse of a representative of royalty. I dropped into the Board of Trade, and found the capacious apartment crowded by business men who had left counting-room, mill and factory to see Lord Stanley of Preston; and again in the evening I spent three minutes in the Pavilion, which enabled me to see the thous-

and we inform our Yankee neighbors that we are still loyal to the old flag. Still we should not overdo it, or we may make Lord Stanley of Preston feel that we are too demonstrative and cause a not unnatural fear that in our excess of zeal we may smother him with caresses if ever comes again.

Among the noticeable features of the address reading craze was the nervousness of a reverend and venerable gentleman who, while delivering himself of the loyal and patriotic sentiments embodied in an engrossed scroll, stammered and stuttered and faltered and led all his listeners to believe he was about to break down and request some one else to finish the job. This incident took place at the Queen's Hotel and the gentleman in question was the Rev. Archdeacon Boddy. Strange, isn't it, that nervousness should take possession of a man so well used to speaking in public.

some addresses are to the tired ears of officials, delivered himself of a speech which occupied twenty-three minutes by the watch, and His Excellency made an impromptu reply which was certainly not worse than his formal ones.

Lady Stanley made an excellent impression in Toronto, and to see her kind motherly face is pleasant. She was especially delighted to see the firemen sliding down the pole, and the lamentable accident caused by the calling out of the brigade deeply grieved the visitors, and it should be a lesson not to turn our protective bodies into a circus to make a vice-regal holiday. The firemen take enough chances in turning out to protect public property without having to join in chariot races to please distinguished guests.

Talking about the Re—but probably everyone is tired of hearing about the retaliation busi-

Canada believes herself to be right, has selected her position, camped on it, and is going to stay there, and thoroughly understands that it is not a sign of patriotism, bravery or good sense to have a fife and drum band continually parading through our neighbors' streets to the tune of "Yankees lie down," and "Rise Sons of Canada William." The truly patriotic citizen is always ready to act and unwilling to talk. The man who will endure a good deal of abuse without remark, and finally answers with a blow has very few rows, and as far as my knowledge extends never gets whipped, while the loud talker, who is so brave he cannot keep his mouth shut, very frequently has to be led away by the ear. Very few people care to interrupt a dignified silence.

Fears were entertained, or at least expressed, during the last Mayoralty campaign, that our democratic Ned Clarke would not be sufficiently fire-haired to receive distinguished visitors, but this fear has been banished by the courtly bearing of his Worship; and while I was listening to his Excellency in the Board of Trade rooms, quite a number of business men were making comparisons between the intellectuality of the Mayor and the Governor considerably in the favor of the former. It makes all of us proud to see how clever a man we have for mayor, and as I did not get a chance last week to say what I felt about the proper and highly satisfactory arrangement which Mayor Clarke had effected with the University authorities, I say it now. Everything Mayor Clarke has undertaken, has been managed with singular skill and practical common sense, which, without exception, has pleased everyone. Perhaps I should except from this category a very few who seem anxious to preserve the reputation of his predecessor by belittling the excellencies of the present Chief Magistrate of the city. As an evening paper which has been considerably opposed to Mr. Clarke remarked the other day, the mayoralty is but an incident in the upward progress of Edward Frederick Clarke.

It is to be hoped the citizens will not refuse to make a sufficient appropriation for the court-house on the basis of the tenders which have been submitted and accepted. Corporations like the Canada Life and the Bank of Commerce are erecting magnificent buildings, and Torontonians are anxious to see their example generally followed by the wealthy companies who are doing business in this Province. How can they reasonably hope to see this custom become general when on the question of erecting suitable quarters for the courts and city and county offices there is so much haggling and complaining? If companies which are managed on the most conservative and economical principles find it to their advantage to have handsome buildings, how is it that a city which depends, partially at least, on its attractiveness as a summer resort and place of residence, hopes to maintain its reputation with shabby, unwholesome and absolutely contemptible public buildings? Toronto felt very sore for years that the Legislature would not appropriate sufficient to erect proper Parliament buildings. At last our new Legislative building is well under way, and it remains for our own people to say whether the policy we condemned in the none too broad-minded provincial politicians is to deny us respectable quarters for our courts and civic and county councillors.

An actor named Drake, who in his peregrinations formed the objectionable habit of marrying too frequently, has committed suicide rather than face his numerous wives. Apparently, like the sailor, he had a wife in every port and thus while on his tours was always at home. I can never imagine how a man has courage enough to be a bigamist or how he can hope to successfully conceal his marital alliances. A woman is so curious and a wife feels that her curiosity is so legitimate that we always expect to be catechized with regard to what we do when we are out o' nights. A man would have to be a very expert liar and have overpowering endearments always on tap if, while making a tour of his wives, he dare hope to make explanations which would not be called in rebuttal on future occasions. The feminine mind seems extraordinarily retentive of explanatory remarks which the husband may let drop when excusing himself for conduct he desires to be esteemed harmless. The locality of your slippers, collar-button, vest-buckle and other shirt may fade from the mind of your loving spouse, but what you said when you got home an hour overdue remains written in enduring brass on the tablets of her otherwise uncertain memory. I find it hard enough to keep track of myself with only one wife, and even a professional memory which has helped me to make a living is not sufficiently alert to avoid making some very bad breaks. If I had two, or four, or six wives, I cannot imagine what pleasure there would be in life, for I would dare undertake no other task than rehearsing dainty little romances for home use. Even virtue isn't a sufficient safeguard; one must still be circumspect; for a patchwork quilt of conversations consisting of paragraphs separated by months and even years, is very startling when suddenly presented with that fidelity of expression and vigor of elocution which is apt to mark the closing of the case, the address to the jury and the solemn question to the prisoner if he has anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him. Prisoner look at the

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.

and who had been able to crowd into the building and the thousands who stood outside, and hear his Excellency refer to "evenin'" and to say "Good evenin'" myself to the doorkeeper. I really could not imagine what had brought so many people there or why they were craning their necks and straining their ears to catch what was so little worth hearing. Doubtless Canadians, like other people, dearly love a lord, and this feeling is very largely shared by our Yankee neighbors. If we only loved the Lord as we do a lord, what a pious people we would be!

In spite of moralizing of this kind the Torontonian could not but feel proud of his city and fellow-citizens when viewing the reception Lord Stanley received. It is in this way that we delight our official visitors, and they go away singing the praises of this fair land in other countries, where it will probably do us some good, and it is thus

Then again at Osgoode Hall, though the barristers were notified of the proposed visit of the Governor-General two weeks in advance they made no arrangements and it took quite a little telephoning to ensure the meagre attention of open gates for the vice-regal carriage. On the arrival of the visitors there was no one to receive them and the time had to be put in looking at empty rooms and wandering aimlessly about the corridors. Even Dalton McCarthy seemed rattled and out of his element.

Up at the educational department a surprise was in store for the visitors. It had been arranged that no formal address should be presented, and when the Hon. G. W. Ross was spoken to at the outset of the interview, he said he would have nothing to say, except show the Governor-General the schools with the statement that "These are our boys," and "These are our girls." Yet this experienced politician who knows how thoroughly wear-

ness. Still it is worth noticing that the more it is discussed by the American politicians, the less fondness they show for the measure. Canada's firm and self-confident attitude has been noticed, and our Yankee neighbors begin to think retaliation would be a boomerang, as it most decidedly will be if it is put in force.

Goldwin Smith has very appropriately called attention to the propriety of Canadians abstaining from bluster, and has intimated that Young Man Tupper ought to be squelched. The young man, who has a Cabinet position all on account of his father, deserves to be censored. The noise that emanates from the large mouth of a small man is exactly the kind of Jingoism we don't want. Talking about fighting, nothing would make Canadians fight so quick as any weakening on the part of the Government. Canadians are not very numerous, but they are great big men and they don't weaken; neither do they enjoy or endorse school-boy brag.

Society.

A pleasant break in the dull monotony of the dead season has been the advent of Lord and Lady Stanley. Their visit, although a very short one, has been characterized by much heartiness both on their own and on the part of the citizens of Toronto.

Whilst there is much that is objectionable in the presentation of addresses, it is difficult to provide any satisfactory substitute. The Governor-General has to meet the public face to face. Our city aldermen and other prominent men have to air themselves—ergo, we have the address nuisance. In this connection it has to be admitted that the various addresses made to Lord Stanley this week have been short and pretty generally characterized by common sense. The St. George's Society address read by the president, Mr. James Spooner was a pleasant and successful affair. Amongst others introduced by Mr. Spooner were Mr. Stephen M. Jarvis, Revs. Septimus Jones, and Wm. Brookman, Messrs. Geo. Beardmore, Geo. Virtue, Harry Greene, A. Monroe Grier, S. G. Wood, J. J. Allworth, H. Hampshire, J. W. Stockwell, D. Plews, J. E. Pell, Harry Symons, D. J. Symons, Alfred Beardmore, R. W. Elliot, and J. E. Pell. The new Governor-General is a pleasant-looking man of some fifty summers, and conveys the impression of one who is not adverse to the good things of this life. He may lack the dash and fire of his famous sire, the Rupert of Debate, but he is what is far better, a thoroughly safe man. Lady Stanley is a well-preserved matronly looking little woman, who bears the impress of one who has a kindly heart and a benevolent disposition. Her niece and companion, Miss Lister, is a tall handsome girl with a marked tendency towards turning her toes in which somewhat detracted from her otherwise graceful appearance, as she quietly listened to the reading of the addresses last Monday afternoon. Miss Lister will be of age when the robins nest again.

Lord Stanley's aides, Captain Colville and Mr. MacMahon are hardly the equals of their predecessors, Captains Ansons and Streafeld as far as good looks and personal appearance are concerned, at least so I am assured by a gentle connoisseur in such matters.

The presentation of citizens at the Pavilion on Monday night after the reading of the municipal address was great fun, the satisfied smile of the old staggers, and the sigh of relief from the perspiring novices in such matters, after the ordeal had been gone through, was a sight for saints to gaze upon. The military men were there in great form—more brilliant than Solomon in all his glory, and thoroughly conscious that the eyes of admiring fellow-countrymen were upon them. Amongst the representative men of the various branches of the service were Colonels G. T. Denison, Fred Denison, C. B. Grasett, Allan, Dawson, and Otter, Majors Harrison and Mason, Surgeons Grasett, King, Nattrass, and Ryerson, Captains Sankey, McDonald, Mutton, Mason, Thompson, Manley, Davidson and Howard, Paymaster Bruce, Quarter master Ellis, Lieutenants Morrow, Lowe, Lambe, Burch, Lloyd, Baird, McLeod, Puchon, Ince and Knifton.

Before interest in the lawn tennis tournament has entirely subsided, I should like to ask the committee of the Toronto L. T. C. whether it would not be well for them to consider the advisability of increasing the attractiveness of the meeting next year and on following occasions, by once more offering a prize to be competed for by ladies. For many years such a competition took place yearly, and was perhaps the most popular feature of the tournament. It was dropped, I am told, owing to a great falling off in the number of entries, but since this was done the game has become more and more popular with Toronto ladies, and I am assured that in many quarters a strong wish exists that it should be tried once more. Also at all tournaments in England, and at most that take place in the United States, a prize is given for ladies' and gentlemen's doubles, and the popularity of such matches is proved by the large number of entries for them; while as regards the financial part of the business, it is well known that play by ladies is always the greatest of draws. Plenty of good tennis is to be seen annually at the Toronto tournaments, but there is a certain monotony about them which such a remedy as I have suggested would do much to remove.

Miss Gillespie, the Misses Yarker, Miss Moss, Mrs. Sprague, Miss Cameron are amongst Toronto ladies who excel at the game, and who would most probably enter, while a little encouragement would bring competitors from Hamilton and other neighboring towns.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has returned to the Grange after a tour through the North-West and British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Rumay of Hamilton were in town this week on their way to England for a short visit.

Miss Hendrie of Hamilton was also in Toronto this week. Miss Hendrie is starting on a journey to Japan, whence she goes by way of India to England, and in a year from the present time will return to Canada, one of the very few Canadian ladies who have ever been round the world.

Mr. Williamson, for many years a popular resident of Toronto, but who now lives in New York, is staying with Dr. and Mrs. Macdonald on Simcoe street.

Mr. Kilgour of London, Ont., is revisiting his old abode, the Island.

Miss Jones has returned to town none the worse for her adventurous cruise from Victoria, B. C., to the coast of Alaska.

The Messrs. Kershaw returned this week from a long camping expedition on the northern lakes. These gentlemen were amongst the intrepid few who made the passage by canoe from Lake Muskoka to Georgian Bay. Mr. Kershaw has returned to New York, and Mr. Kershaw, Jr., to rejoin his regiment at Halifax. The York and Lancaster sail next month for the West Indies, so it will be long before

those of their officers who are known in Toronto will be seen here again.

Mr. Cassimer Dickson has accompanied his friends, the Irish cricketers, for a portion of their tour in the States. Many other friends of the popular Hibernians have been glad to hear that their first fixture on the other side of the line, against Pittsburgh, though the match resulted in a draw, yet was a moral victory for them. Scores—Pittsburg, 100; the Irish Gentleman 94 for eight wickets.

Mr. Percy Hodgins returned to town this week, having crossed from England by a White Star boat to New York.

Mr. Shanly has left town for two or three weeks.

Mr. W. H. Long, M. P., of Rude Ashton, Wiltshire, a member of the present government in England, is the guest of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. Mr. Long is on his way to Banff and British Columbia.

Mr. Colin Campbell has returned from his summer quarters at Longuissa, but leaves shortly to continue his medical studies in New York.

Miss Daisy Browne of Hamilton, who has been staying with Hon. Justice and Mrs. Osler at the Island, returned to Hamilton this week.

Sir William Howland has returned from a tour through Manitoba and a portion of the North-West. Sir William's return is of perhaps as great an interest to the commercial world as to the social, when the special nature of his tour is considered.

Mr. Napier Robinson has come up from Belleville and is paying town a short visit.

General Middleton and Captain Wise, his popular A. D. C., were in town this week, the guests of Major and Mrs. Dawson on College avenue.

Dr. D. O. R. Jones, the eldest son of Mr. Clarkson Jones of College avenue, who has been attached to a London Hospital during the past three years, has returned to Toronto. Mr. Jones is a believer in homeopathy, and as a homeopath will doubtless build up a good practice in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald of London, England, are visiting friends in Toronto.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson have sent out invitations for a large garden party at Chestnut Park on the 18th September. I can only hope that the weather will continue warm and that a fine day will afford opportunity for a proper enjoyment of the admirable facilities which Chestnut Park offers.

Mr. and Mrs. Connor, for some years residents in Toronto, have returned to town for a short visit from their home in San Francisco.

Miss Stone Wiggins of Ottawa, is visiting friends in Toronto. It was this lady who persuaded the Senate to pass the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Her letters on the subject addressed to His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario are a valuable contribution to literature.

The Gooderham-Northrop marriage, to which I alluded in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, was solemnized in St. Peter's Church on Wednesday morning last. From 10 o'clock a constant stream of people had gathered in and around the little English Church on Carlton street, all anxious to catch one glimpse at the faces of the bride and her maids. I was in the church shortly after 10 o'clock and even then half the pews were occupied. During the long wait for the wedding party, Mr. Doward the organist of the Ascension Church, played in an admirable fashion several selections particularly noticeable amongst which was The Bridesmaid's Chorus from Lohengrin. There was nothing monotonous in the long wait for the bridal party, thanks to the chancel's sweetness of sound. Thanks also to the gossip of the good dames around me, I had every opportunity to forget that I was within the walls of a sacred edifice. How they did gossip. The weddings of the past ten years were resurrected, and the various *trousseau* ripped up and fashioned afresh by these garrulous dames and damsels. Just as the good looks and *trousseau* of a by-gone bride were receiving an honest mauing at the hands of these gossips, the bridal party drove up to the church, and for a brief space the tongue of the gossip was silenced. The bride leaning on the arm of her father looked shy and rather girlish in a magnificent costume of ivory duchess satin, handsomely draped in front with full train of brocade. I notice that a morning paper has erred in its description of the bridesmaids who were Miss Gooderham—a sister of the groom, and Miss Allie Gooderham, second daughter of Mr. Alfred Gooderham of Sherbourne street, very charming indeed they looked in handsome costumes of cream satin with wide gold colored sashes of Indian silk, and puffed sleeves of valenciennes lace. The groomsmen were Mr. Cecil Leigh and Dr. McDonagh who bore themselves exceedingly well. Some of the dresses were marvels of the costumer's art. Mrs. Northrup wore a dove colored silk gown *en train*, elegantly embroidered in the same shade—dove color, and carried a fan bouquet of pink rosebuds and maiden-hair. Mrs. George Gooderham, mother of the groom, was attired in gros grain silk, with jet trimmings.

The bridal party entered by the south door, first the two bridesmaids, walking separately a few paces apart. It was indeed a pretty sight as the wedding party passed up to the chancel, marred somewhat by the excited curiosity of the sight-seers who crowded up the aisle behind them, climbed the seats and effectually shut out any one who failed to emulate their conduct. Under such circumstances the ceremony itself was an unknown quantity as far as I am concerned, but I have every reason to suppose that everything went off well at the hands of the officiating clergyman, the Ven. Archdeacon Boddy.

During the ceremony itself I heard a lady say that the horses outside were alone worth com-

ing to see, and I am constrained to acknowledge that the venerable dame in question was right, for a finer collection of carriage horses I haven't seen for some time. I noticed that one of the carriages had been denuded of its lamps, and the vacant space ornamented with hand-some bouquets.

As the wedding party left the church I noticed Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, the latter wearing a superb dress of moss-green, brocaded plush and bonnet to match. Dr. and Mrs. Ross of Wellesley street; Mrs. Ross' dress was a delicately beautiful rich grey silk, and bonnet trimmed with pale pink plumes. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Gooderham, and Miss Gooderham in a dainty figured silk and bonnet. Dr. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas, the latter in a light-colored dress and white tulle bonnet. The Misses Beattie wore cardinal and cream, and tan and cream costumes and hats to match. Miss Josie Gooderham looked sweetly pretty in terra cotta silk with puffed sleeves. Miss McKeough of Chatham was in white. Mrs. W. Brouse, in dark green velvet, apple green silk and chenille fringe, attracted all eyes, and was much admired, deservedly so, according to the dictum of an old lady, who remarked, "She do look bootiful with 'er 'air an' compleckshin that dark green."

Toronto was fortunate when the shrievalty of York was given to Dr. Widditeld, inasmuch as he is a cultured gentleman and a most generous host, and his bachelor hospitality has long been unrivaled in this city. His first dinner at the Toronto Club on Tuesday the 11th, was marked by an absence of regard for anything except the most delightful entertainment of his guests. The following gentlemen were present: Judge MacDougall, David Creighton, M.P.P., of the Empire, G. W. Badgerow, County Crown Attorney, Mr. Sheriff Mowat, Lieut.-Col. Gilmore, Clerk of the Legislature, Mr. A. Yule, Warden of York County, Mr. G. Eakins, Clerk of the County Council, Mr. G. B. Smith, M.P.P., Mr. E. E. Sheppard, Mr. T. C. Irving, Messrs. N. G. Bigelow, G. H. Watson, Dr. Hillary and Daniel Spry.

Personal.

Mr. G. Percival of Winnipeg is in Toronto. Mr. J. Stovel of Winnipeg is visiting Toronto.

Mr. Fred C. Oxenham of Hamilton was in town last week.

Mr. Donald McMaster, Q.C., ex-M.P., was in this city on Wednesday.

Mr. F. M. Holland of Oshawa spent Monday in town with his friends.

Mr. John Stratton Crofton is visiting his uncle, Mr. John Stratton, in New York.

Mr. H. D. Huime has returned to town after spending a three weeks' vacation in Belleville.

Mrs. J. L. Nicholls of Chatham, is visiting Mrs. Hector Lamont at 416 Sherbourne street.

Mr. William Cooke, of the Merchants' Bank, left town on Monday last to be absent for two or three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Torrance and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong spent last Sunday in Buffalo, returning to town on Tuesday.

Mr. James Henderson and wife left on Wednesday for a trip to Lake Champlain and New York, where they intend to spend two weeks.

Miss Marie Shields of "Camsariv Villa," Queen's Park, has returned to the city after spending a month with Dr. and Mrs. Bell of Allison.

The Young Bachelors' Soiree Club organized on Monday last and will hold Wednesday evening receptions. The honorary secretary of the club is Mr. George Scheibe.

Major E. P. Denison, who returned some days ago from an extended visit to the Northwest, speaks most highly of the future of this important part of the Dominion.

Mr. Arthur Deacon of New York is a guest at the residence of Mr. James Hewlett, No. 38 Wellington place. His sister, Miss Deacon, returns to England the week after next.

In a personal notice last week of a portrait crayon of the late Bertha M. Clay, the real name of the latter was given as Charlotte May Brane; it should have read Charlotte May Brane.

Mr. Harcourt Bevier, Mr. Geo. Melville and Mrs. Harcourt, Miss Gertrude Hamlyn and Miss Melville and maid of London, England, were registered at Keechie's European Hotel here on Thursday for lunch only. They were passing through, and stayed over to look in at the Exposition.

Mr. A. A. Bruce has returned from a shooting party in Muskoka, and is now the guest of Mr. Jas. Hewlett of 38 Wellington Place. Mr. Bruce leaves town next week for a tour through the United States, prior to returning to his home in England.

One of the coming evening weddings alluded to in last week's SATURDAY NIGHT, takes place next week, invitation cards being out for the nuptials of Miss Everett St. Clair Crosse and Mr. Charles Clayton Ambery. The wedding takes place at 8 o'clock, and a reception will be held afterwards.

Mr. Joseph Leahy of this city has been appointed to a mastership in Wellesley street school. As an ex-pupil and winner of a scholarship in 1882, it is pleasing and appropriate that he should have obtained the position he so well merited. He is probably the second ex-pupil in the city promoted to be a teacher in his own school.

There are only two wedding celebrations deserving of recognition—the silver and the golden wedding—the rest, wooden weddings, crystal weddings, etc., are abominations which ought to be scouted by all sensible people. A pleasant affair in the former class was the silver-wedding of the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, Dr. Parker, and Mrs. Parker, which was celebrated by an At Home at 328 Huron street, on Monday last. A pleasant feature of the evening was the presence of the clergyman (Rev. Dr. Harper) who married Dr. and Mrs. Parker twenty-five years ago. Dr. Harper made a pleasant speech, after which Mrs. Calvert presented Dr. and Mrs. Parker with a silver plate well filled with silver coins of this year's issue.

The At Home of the Toronto Rowing Club

was a most successful affair. It must be confessed that at one time in the afternoon failure seemed very near, but after the matinee had discharged its audience visitors began flocking into the club-house, and after five o'clock the success of the whole affair was amongst the things which are assured. Owing to the condition of the water it was early recognized that racing was entirely out of the question, and everyone turned his or her energies towards the task of having a pleasant time inside the club-house. It is only fair to say that such efforts met with their due reward, it being unanimously voted that a most enjoyable time had been spent by those who took part. Given a good dancing floor, an excellent string band and an attentive committee, an affair of this sort is bound to be a success, and last Saturday afternoon's At Home was no exception to the rule. Amongst those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ardagh, Miss Carrie Bright, Miss Jennie Montgomery of Brantford, Miss Rogers of Brooklyn, Miss Eleanore Rogers, Miss Bunton of Burlington, Miss Cameron and Miss Reba Bunton of Harrisburg, Pa., Miss Taylor, Miss Mary Hunter, Miss Bowly of Brantford and the Misses Peacock, Mr. A. R. Boswell, Mr. R. W. Gouinlock, Mr. Wm. Davidson, Mr. D. Roberts, Mr. Geo. W. Gouinlock, Mr. A. R. Carmichael, Mr. E. Badenach, Mr. L. J. Cosgrave, Mr. C. A. B. Brown, Mr. John Skaitch, Mr. J. H. Spink, Mr. H. C. Fortier, Mr. F. Vary and Mr. Mills. Refreshments were served by Harry Webb, and dancing was kept up until half-past ten.

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In reference to the series of BETS that appeared in this paper we would say, "As we have never devoted any of our time to the study of dancing, we are not in a position to make any statement. We shall leave that to the author of the so-called challenge who seems willing to stoop to such things, or any other methods by which the public may be deceived. We leave our pupils and the public to judge of our ability as a teacher of the ART OF DANCING AND DEPORTMENT. This season we have the best of music for the purpose, for every class.

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AN HONEST LOVER.

By the Author of "A Golden Dream," "Kate Massey's F. Isehood," "Beatrice's Ambition," "Nothing Like Love," etc.

"Why, Frank, what brings you in this direction?"

The young man thus addressed stopped and turned to his questioner, an unmistakable expression of chagrin on his handsome brown face.

"Well, Robin, might I not put the same question to you?" he answered, smiling.

"Oh, it is different with me!" said Robina Clitheroe. "I have no objection to the new railway; but you—listen—you can hear the workmen quite plainly!"

The young girl raised her hand as she spoke, and inclined her ethereal face towards the side of the path. Through the thick foliage of the trees, just beginning to turn yellow beneath a September sun, came sounds that to the young Squire's ears were a prolongation of Clitheroe Chase—the "puff, puff," of an engine dragging a long line of heavily-laden trucks, the clang of hammers at the rails, were faint in their places, and all those discordant noises that tell of some great work being vigorously carried on, and that seemed out of place in the deep silence and repose of leafy Kentish woods.

The young man's brow contracted and his cheeks flushed as he listened. His father, old Squire Clitheroe, had fought against this new railway for years, giving up the contest when the young man's voice shook with anger, and he frowned as he put the question.

"Oh, no!" cried the girl earnestly. "She only came to ask me to sing in the choir on Sunday, and talked to me a little about the book I was reading; she did not say anything about you."

"To whom then, have you made a promise not to shake hands with me?"

Julia's brown head dropped for a moment, and she did not answer; then she said slowly—

"My father and my cousin Dennis."

"Your cousin Dennis? Oh, that sulky-looking young man I have seen with your father!

And so your cousin Dennis objects to our friendship?"

"He saw me," she replied, tears glistening in her eyes, "walking with you in the Chase, and he was very angry. He said that I am not your equal, because I am only a poor girl; and a motherless girl—"

She stopped, unable to restrain her tears, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"So! What a storm in a tea cup!" said Frank lightly, although there was a look of vexation in his gray eyes. "I dare say cousin Dennis himself wants to walk with you in the Chase."

She shook her head and continued,

"Father also spoke to me. He said I ought to know better than to walk with a gentleman—one not in my own position; so I promised."

"Well, you shall keep your promise," he replied, laughing. "This is not shaking hands; and he caught her in his arms, and, before she could prevent him, kissed her on the cheeks.

Although the salute was given more in jest than earnest, and he held the slender little creature against his heart only for a moment, yet he knew that this was no mere pleasant episode in an idle summer, but that he loved this lowly born girl with all the strength of his affectionate nature, and that she was the "one woman" in the world for him.

Flushed and panting, Julia broke from his embrace, and leaning her bowed head against the porch door, burst into tears.

"My darling," exclaimed Frank, almost beside himself, "forgive me! I ought not to have kissed you! I know I had no right unless—trying to her turn face towards him—

"you gave me permission, Julia."

"Oh," cried the girl, shrinking away from him, and sobbing as she spoke, "my father was right! If I had been a lady, you would not have treated me so; but I am only a poor girl."

"Julia," broke in Frank reproachfully, taking her slender hands in his, "I am thoroughly ashamed of myself—I am indeed! My darling, you will forgive me! I will never offend you again, not until you tell me that you love me and will be my wife! Will you, Julia? Say yes, and make me the happiest fellow in the world!"

"Indeed, Robin!"

"I want her for my choir. You may have remarked what a sweet soprano comes from the pew in which she and her father sit on Sunday; so I went to One-Tree Cottage today, and found her sitting among the roses, reading a novel, for which sort of literature, she informed me, she had a penchant!"

"A what?"

"A 'penchant,' Frank—said it quite confidently too."

"A—on, I see—a 'penchant'! Why, what could have induced the girl to make such a fool of herself?" The young man frowned as he spoke, and looked much more disturbed than the situation warranted.

"Because she can hardly speak the Queen's English, and of course breaks down completely in attempting any other tongue. Not that you mind that, Frank; the young person has eyes as big and brown as my fawn Du-chunks's, and a forehead and mouth moulded like those of the Clytie in the Townley Marbles; and, that being so, bad grammar may come from her lips for anything you care."

Frank laughed in his carefree, good-humored way, and tilted his sister's broad-leaved hat back off her forehead.

"What a careful Robin you are!" he said affectionately. "What mischief do you think I shall get into by lending Miss Power a few books?"

"I do not think you will get into any," replied Miss Clitheroe with decision; "I was thinking of the girl. When I went there to day, she seemed so ill at ease, so anxious to please me, and yet so afraid of me, that I do believe the silly child is half in love with you, Frank."

"Oh, come," returned Frank, greatly pleased

— "you don't mean that, Robin!"

"I do—every word of it; and you will go there, and talk to her, and look at her admiringly; and when the child is about ready to go to the stake for you, you will begin to think you have gone far enough—tell her so perhaps—and leave her to break her heart."

"Why, Robin," exclaimed the young man, "what has come to you? I never saw you so much in earnest before!"

"Well, I am not ashamed of being so," said his little sister, laying her hand upon his arm; "for, although she is not a lady, and mispronounces her French horribly, she is as sweet and pure and true as if she had been born in the purple and brought up by a duchess; and I cannot bear the thought of her pining and fretting herself to death for the impossible—for of course you could not marry her, Frank."

The young fellow looked guilty—as though this subject of marrying Julia Power were not so far from his thoughts as his sister supposed; but he only replied good humoredly—

"Why, what a captivating fellow you must think me, Robin!"

Half laughing, half angry, she shook his arm and said:

"Much good I have done by my lecture! I do believe you have only listened to the words, 'the silly child is half in love with you.' Well, you may go now. I see Adam Bede in your pocket, so I know where you are going."

Robina dropped her brother's arm and turned away quickly; but he saw tears glistening in her bright eyes.

Frank stood and watched her agile, graceful figure, clad in white and scarlet, disappear in the green recesses of the Chase, and then resumed his walk.

Every step brought him nearer to the clang of iron, the noise of the engine, and the hum of many voices, until at length he paused on the edge of a steep cutting and looked down with an expression of strong disfavor at the workmen below.

The ground rose here, and the cutting was about twenty feet deep. Frank strolled along the edge for some time, contrasting in his mind the noise and tumult beneath with the calm peace of the country about him.

A little farther on he came within sight of a cottage which was almost covered with ivy, save the porch, on which bloomed masses of monthly roses. There was no gate or fencing about this tiny abode; it seemed to be set down haphazard in this clear space in the centre of the wood. Just outside the porch, as sweet and fair as any of the roses about her, sat Julia Power, the overseer's daughter. She

did not hear the young man's footstep on the soft, elastic turf. Her eyes were fixed upon an open book, and her head rested against the wooden back o' the garden seat. She seemed altogether absorbed in what she was reading, and it was not until Frank Clitheroe's shadow fell across the page that she started up with a faint cry.

"Whi, Ju," he said, smiling, "you are frightened!"

She let the volume fall to the ground, and, putting her hands behind her back, stood looking at him—slender, blue-eyed, girlish figure, with a face to win any man's heart, as modest and good as it was beautiful.

She was alarmed, he could see plainly; her breath was coming and going in quick gasps, her lips were parted, and her large brown eyes looked as shy and startled as the eyes of a captured fawn.

"You—you came so suddenly," she replied. "Did I? Well, now that I am here, won't you shake hands with me?"

"I—I can't; I ought not to talk to you at all. I promised not to do so."

"Has my sister been interfering?" The young man's voice shook with anger, and he frowned as he put the question.

"Oh, no!" cried the girl earnestly. "She only came to ask me to sing in the choir on Sunday, and talked to me a little about the book I was reading; she did not say anything about you."

"To whom then, have you made a promise not to shake hands with me?"

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Do you love me, Julia?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, looking at him with shining truthful eyes, "I love you, and shall love you all my life—I am not ashamed to confess it."

"And do you think I am going to give you up when once you have assured me of that?"

Why, what a dastard I should be! I dare say our marriage will be a nine days' wonder, but I can face that, I think. Ah, child, I am so common a thing that it can be slighted and cast aside for a paltry class distinction? No! Believe me, it is only when honor is opposed to love that love must be flung from us, even if our very lives go with it."

His truthful words and manly tone touched her as the most passionate pleadings would not have done. She raised her eyes and said shyly—

"Then I am ready to become your wife if you wish it; but, if anything occurs to make it necessary and right for us to part, do not consider yourself bound to me."

"Nothing shall induce me to give you up, my promised wife!" said Frank solemnly, kissing her as he spoke; and now she did not object to his caresses.

The lovers strolled up and down the green turf in front of the cottage, and the setting sun shone down upon the roses, drawing out all their subtle sweetness. The diamond-shaped panes reflected the glittering rays like jewels set in a flowery wreath, and the sombre green of the trees seemed filled with birds that coed and called to one another; and the lovers were so happy and all nature was so glowing and radiant about them that it seemed as though the passion and strife and sorrow of the world-day world were left behind for ever and could touch their hearts no more.

Frank was waiting to speak to the father of his betrothed, and, while he thus lingered, he told her what his plans for her future were, and received her unqualified approval of them.

They would not be married for a year, he said, and, during that time she was to accompany him. As soon as he had spoken to his father, he would go back to Clitheroe and tell his sister Robina. She would be little angry at first perhaps, but she would soon see with his eyes, and take Julia away with her to the Parisian school where she herself had been finned.

"A year, or six months, say, will soon pass, pet; and then you will come back to me able to hold your own with any one; and we shall have a grand wedding at the Chase, to let the world see how proud I am of my beautiful wife."

So the lovers talked, and planned their future lives; and Julia's one little servant brought them tea in the porch, and they sat down beneath the roses and were foolishly and blissfully happy.

Frank Clitheroe found it a much harder task than he had expected to tell his sister the news that he had asked Julia Power to be his wife. He knew that Robina's passionate and exacting affection would be bitterly mortified at her having to give up the first place in his heart to any one, that the only thing which would reconcile her to the change would be his marrying some rich and noble girl whose dowry would clear the estate of the burdens left upon it by the late Squire, and who in birth and station

"A-ha! somesing about dot Poulonger fight!"

"Chimeney! dot vos preddy goot fer dot Floquet, shidkin' him in der troat, unt!"

(discovering the hole which his cigar had burnt into the paper)—"Youst der most inderesdin blace too, by tam!"—*Judge*.

It is a Weary World.

"Whew!" sighed the umbrella, "how I suffer! I am worn to a skeleton, and have had four of my ribs broken for a week."

"Go to!" retorted the hat. "You suffer! Why, every night of my life is spent upon the rack."

Business Logic.

Editor (to stranger)—We have all the manuscript we can find room for for the next six years, every page of which is furnished by the leading thinkers, essayists, historians, philosophers, journal—

Stranger—But this is a page advertisement for mother-of-pearl soft soap.

Editor—Ah, I see. Take a seat on the sofa, sir. We will try and find room for your article by killing an essay or two.

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Three Pellets of Bread.

Paul C— was a "jolly good fellow," so everyone said. Thirty years old, perhaps, a Parisian in every sense of the word, with that courageous nature, lively and a little inclined to teasing, that is the characteristic of the children of Paris. Nevertheless, he had an excellent heart, and was ready to throw himself into the fire if necessary for the very one whom an instant before he had made the target for his jests.

It was at R—, that pretty little neighboring city to Puy, that Paul found himself one morning for pleasure, and the drinking of certain healthful waters, for R—, as everyone knows, is a charming summer resort, and filled, during the summer at least, with a crowd of guests. Paul and his friend, Edouard Duchesne, were at the same hotel, and took their meals together at the *table d'hôte*, where they had for a neighbor in front of them an Englishman known to be very rich and very eccentric, and whose life, they said, was but a series of endless journeys around the world.

If Paul betrayed himself a Parisian in every act and feature, so did that stranger betray the nativity of his melancholy country. Short of stature and fat, the face broad and ruddy, the skull bald and shining, the beard blonde, the eyes blue as cornflowers, he was truly the most perfect type of an Englishman that it is possible to imagine.

More than once Paul caught himself smiling at the impossible visage of Sir Arthur Jacobson, for sure was this stranger's name.

This evening, then, when the events occurred that I am about to tell you of, and by the way, the evening of departure of the two young men, as the dinner was drawing to a close, he declared doubtless by the champagne they had taken, Paul announced himself while talking to Edouard in rolling balls of bread crumbs and launching them between thumb and finger, as school children launch balls of paper, as his neighbor, the Englishman. It was a thoughtless, not to say rude, exhibition on the part of Paul, but then Paul was not quite himself, and the temptation was for the moment irresistible.

As the first pellet struck the arm of Sir Arthur Jacobson, he slowly turned his clear eyes upon Paul and his companion, but, his broad physiognomy lost nothing of its habitual placidity.

One would have supposed even that he had seen and comprehended nothing, had it not been for the fact that, with an air of the utmost indifference and phlegm, he lifted the morsel of bread crumb and slipped it into the pocket of his vest, still, however, without uttering a syllable.

The bearing of this man was well calculated to excite the teasing humor of the Parisians, and scarcely a moment had elapsed since the launching of the first pellet when a second followed it, and taking the same direction as the first, went to flatten itself upon his shoulder, and like the other, to travel the road to Sir Arthur's pocket.

Angered a little by this systematic imperviousness, and certainly for the time being blind to the insult and inconvenience that such plausibility had for its object, Paul believed it his duty to repeat his pellet for the third time. It struck his *vis à-vis* upon the forehead immediately between the eyebrows. And still he received it with neither a movement nor a sign, though the waiters at the table could scarcely repress their hilarity on seeing him, with the same stoical gravity, lift his hand, re-serve it, and send it to join its comrades in his pocket.

This amusement, in bad taste as you are bound to admit, had lasted long enough, and as the guests were quitting the table Sir Arthur rose and followed their example, and Paul and his friend, their heads decided heavy with wine, got up in turn and went to smoke a cigar on the terrace. Hardly, however, had they made their appearance there than Paul found himself confronted by his recent victim, who regarded him full in the face and in excellent French stated that he desired to speak to him for a moment.

"You must certainly understand, monsieur," said he, "that the play to which you delivered yourself a while ago constitutes a serious affront, of which I demand the reason.

Moreover, as gallant man you also see that you must accord me, without my forcing it, the reparation that is my right."

"Precisely, my lord; I see, and I am at your service."

"To-morrow morning, then, monsieur, at five o'clock, behind the park."

"The conditions!"

"Pistols—thirty paces—*au vise*. In an hour my seconds will wait upon yours. I have the honor, monsieur, to salute you."

"Which proves once more, my dear Paul," said Edouard, when the stranger had turned on his heel, "that it does not do to trust to appearance. Who would have supposed that devil of a little man so touchy on a point of honor! He takes the thing, in my opinion, too seriously."

"Eh, par Dieu, he has reason," replied Paul, in whose brain the freshness of the air had brought about a salutary reaction. "I have committed a serious and an offensive stupidity; it is just that I take the consequences. But a truce to words; come with me to the house of M. D—, whom I know slightly and whom I shall ask to be my second witness."

Promptly at the hour appointed next morning Paul and his seconds and Sir Arthur Jacobson and his seconds arrived at the spot indicated behind the park. Paul was a commercial man, peacefully inclined, and nothing of a sportsman, but, in default of knowledge of the duelling code and of practice, possessed the natural and inherent courage of a brave heart, which enabled him under the present circumstances to worthily sustain his part.

The seconds meanwhile had measured the ground, charged the pistols and placed the principals. As they were about to give the word the Englishman checked them.

"A moment, if you please, messieurs!" and he drew from his pocket a tiny white pellet and extended it to Paul.

"With this, monsieur," said he, "remember that you struck me here," and, tossing the pellet to the ground, Sir Arthur designated with his finger the outer part of his right arm.

A minute later two reports were heard, and Paul staggered, his right arm pierced by a ball.

The wound was serious, though not dangerous, and, with care and nursing, three weeks from the meeting behind the park Paul was as good as well again. Sir Arthur had come to inquire for him daily, and Edouard Duchesne, tranquilized by the condition of his friend had long since returned to Paris; and soon Paul was able to go without carrying his arm in a sling.

But scarcely had he gone a hundred yards beyond the hotel when he found himself face to face with the Englishman.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said he, approaching Paul; "but now that you are recovered I must recall to you that the reparation you have accorded me is not the only one that you owe me. I have waited until to-day, but I have by no means renounced my rights. I have only desired that you should be in a condition physically to permit you to fight anew."

"Very well, sir, count upon me," replied Paul, who felt born within him a sudden anger at the cold persistency with which this man pursued his vengeance. Too much of a Parisian to feel rancour himself at an injury so trifling, Sir Arthur's stubbornness put him in a fury.

The next morning, then, a new encounter took place under the same conditions as the other; the witnesses were also the same, with the exception of a young physician and friend of Paul's, who had taken the place of Edouard Duchesne. As upon the former occasion, when the adversaries stood in position and the word was about to be given, Sir Arthur drew from his pocket a second pellet like the first, and, showing it to Paul, repeated the formula:

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ball, and Paul lay inert upon the ground, his shoulder ploughed and bloody. This time the wound was decidedly serious. Carried nearly senseless to his chamber, Paul, as soon as he could speak after the agony caused by the dressing of the wound had passed, insisted to his doctor that he must be taken to Puy, to the house of a sister who resided there.

The transit was not difficult, and, deeming it best to gratify his desire, the doctor consented and arranged accordingly, and that same evening, accompanied by his physician and second, who refused to leave him, Paul was placed in the care of Martha, his sister, whose distress at his condition you can readily imagine. The cause of the trouble, however, Paul wisely kept to himself. "It was an accident received when riding" was all he told her.

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Paul, reassured by the doctor's confidence, decided to take advantage of the occasion to impress upon his brother the excellent qualities of a certain young woman whom for a long while she had intended as his future wife. Jeanne and her mother, then, had been called upon in hot haste, and that same day installed by this shrewd tactician, ostensibly to assist and relieve her by the pillow of the wounded.

For a long time the fever and delirium continued, but at last ceased, and when Paul entered into the dreamy and peaceful state of convalescence his eyes rested always upon the fresh and charming face of this young girl who had voluntarily and for many days past been his *garde malade*.

He recalled the thousand-and-one cares of which he had been the recipient, and of which he had taken count but vaguely in the weakness of body and brain produced by serious illness. A strange, sweet emotion invaded his heart. He extended his hand to Jeanne, who smiled and gave him her own with charming grace and gentleness.

From this on the cure proceeded rapidly.

"The day was near," said the doctor, "when the invalid would be able to leave his room." And gradually, as strength returned to his feeble body, love increased in his heart; and the tender, unaccustomed sentiment, combined with the warm sun of April, contributed not a little to hasten complete recovery.

Strange as it may seem, though instances are not rare where the force of a true affection overpowers and effaces all memory of the causes that have given it birth, Paul at this point was so absorbed in his dream that he had absolutely forgotten the events that had furnished the motive of his descent upon Puy, when an incident occurred that busily recalled him to reality.

"Do you know," said Martha to him one morning, "I have forgotten to tell you of it before—that a gentleman has been here regularly every day to ask for news of you?"

"A gentleman? Oh yes," replied Paul, whose cheeks had a flushed a little; "yes, Sir Arthur Jacobson, was it not?"

"That was the name," said Martha, adding inquiringly, "a friend of yours, perhaps?"

"Yes, a friend—*with a bitter smile*—'I must see him soon. To-morrow I shall be able to leave the house, and it shall be my first visit.'

"My present to you, Monsieur."

With the exception of the family and a few intimates, every one had now retired, and, profiting by a moment of solitude, Paul lifted the lid, to find a pellet of yellowed bread, and dried up, but still the third one!

Paul comprehended at last—this present that Sir Arthur had given him was forgetfulness, condonement, life and happiness. It was no shame to his manhood that a tear of joy should spark upon his lashes.

That same day Sir Arthur Jacobson left the country to return no more, and three years later died in Holland, leaving to Paul—a man, "as will read," "brave enough to face the consequences of a momentary indiscretion"—a fortune that amounted to more than two million dollars.

At a flash Paul had comprehended the immensity of the peril that awaited him—that he had returned to life again simply that his enemy should take it from him. Yes, those two first encounters were truly insignificant, though showing him what he had to expect: the third one was inevitable death. The pellet of bread, the third one—he remembered it well—had struck immediately in the center of the brow. Death! what love said in his heart, and the future smiled before him, filled with the sweetest promises! It was indeed, too much, and the vindictiveness of Paul told him self of a brute rather than a man.

Blind fury took possession of him towards this ferocious adversary, who allowed him to take breath only to strike him down the surer.

This time it should be a duel to death between them, but one—and Paul prayed for it devoutly—where consciousness of right would put in the hand of the feeble a superior force that would lead to victory.

The next morning, bright and early, still feverish with anger burning in his heart, but

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Three Pellets of Bread.

Paul C— was a "jolly good fellow," so everyone said. Thirty years old, perhaps, a Parisian in every sense of the word, with that courageous nature, lively and a little inclined to teasing, that is the characteristic of the children of Paris. Nevertheless, he had an excellent heart, and was ready to throw himself into the fire if necessary for the very one whom an instant before he had made the target for his jests.

It was at R—, that pretty little neighboring city to Puy, that Paul found himself one morning for pleasure, and the drinking of certain healthful waters, for R—, as everyone knows, is a charming summer resort, and filled, during the summer at least, with a crowd of guests. Paul and his friend, Edouard Duchesne, were at the same hotel, and took their meals together at the *table d'hôte*, where they had for a neighbor in front of them an Englishman known to be very rich and very eccentric, and whose life, they said, was but a series of endless journeys around the world.

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"To-morrow morning, then, monsieur, at five o'clock, behind the park."

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How He Discharged His Cook. (A Dream—noting but a Dream.)



After long suffering he concludes that he must discharge his cook, and the first five pictures show the way he thought he would do it, and the last picture shows the way he did do it.—*Scribner's*



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It's funny, but you can depend on it every time an old chap from the interior strikes the beach and dons a bathing suit he wades out in a gaudy fashion—gets bolder at the sight of the others around him, and finally marches forth to *swet a roller*. He sees the others jump them, and he draws a long breath, gets his legs under him, and springs just in time to be caught and turned end over end and plowed along the sand into shallow water. He gets up indignant and astonished. He chokes and gasps and coughs, and as soon as he can free his eyes he looks around for the old woman. She stands at the edge of the water and calls:

"What is it, pa—what's the matter?"

And ninety-nine times out of a hundred his reply is:

"Matter? Why, the darn thing has been salted."

When one came ashore the other day after receiving a "swat" in the stomach from the pitch of a wave, I heard him say to his wife:

"Say, Mary, the intention was to kill me

deader'n a herring, and I don't go back there without some kind of security."

A Muddy Day.



Guest—Say, Misto Willyums, would you oblige me by puttin' one of your dash-boats before me—dis mud is sompin' dreadful.

The statement that the coal-fields of the world will be exhausted in two thousand years, brings no permanent solace to the man who has to carry the present daily supply for the family up three flights of stairs.

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D. H. McKEAY,

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Poverty.

The general impression regarding poverty is that of one being in a state of "hard uppiness." If dollars and cents are only to be taken into consideration, such an impression is not far removed from the truth. An old citizen of Toronto—Wm. Gooderham, sr.—used to say that no man is poor who has the free use of his limbs, for the man with health and strength can always support himself, and the man who can do this, need never know poverty.

But there is also the poverty of intellect, of morals, of all those qualities which tend to make a man beloved of his kind, and assuredly this is the most hopeless poverty. A straitened purse is very often but a comparative trouble. It is surprising on how little we can live when we are fairly put to the test. The settlers in Muskoka are, or used to be, generally poor, and, for many months in the year, seldom have the handling of money. Yet they used to be a singularly contented people, and why? Because, with them, envy had not been aroused by daily contact with superior wealth and social comforts. There, all men were equally rich, or rather, were equally poor, no man being much better off than his neighbors. And who shall say that such poverty is not infinitely preferable to the experience of him who, though wealthy it may be in purse, is a pauper in everything else—in generous feeling, in kindly sympathy for his fellow man, who is lacking in the love of children, whose only god is self, and the accumulation of riches? Such an one sinks his all in one venture—riches, and when the latter takes to itself wings, he is left poor indeed.

Keeping Up Appearances.

We are all familiar more or less with the misery of keeping up appearances when heart and purse are failing. Amongst the numerous victims of this social disorder is the well nigh ruined Cressus, who, weaned in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to move amongst the salt of the earth, finds it hard indeed to hold his own with the circle which he has known. His shrunken purse still contains, it may be, the wherewithal to support life, but only under meager conditions than before. Liberal habits contracted in the earlier years of plenty, and the natural clinging of human nature to the easy-going ways of the past are potent factors in preventing him from adapting his ways to his altered means, and thus the daily struggle to keep up appearances is inaugurated.

His daughters, who, it must be confessed, are bright, clever girls, have received what is commonly called a superior education, which is altogether valueless in the narrower surroundings to which unfortunate circumstances have brought them. Honorable toil is too often considered a degradation. To add to their perplexities, wealthy and fashionable acquaintances continue to call upon them, and invitations to social gatherings are well nigh as plentiful as ever, but alas! none know so well as these poor girls the sniffs and privations to which they are subjected in order to accept the proffered kindness of well meaning friends.

It is easy for us to say that such should adapt themselves to the altered condition of things. Of course they should, and equally of course, in the ordinary run of events they cling to the memories of their earlier life and the ways of the past. The wretched snobbery of social life operates with deadly effect in thwarting any real effort to throw off the yoke which lies so heavily upon their young lives. Better, far better, would it have been, had circumstances left them entirely penniless, for then that necessity which knows no law, social or otherwise, would have compelled them to pursue some vocation in order to keep body and soul together. But the scanty pittance which has been saved from the wreck of the past stands between them and happiness. Possessing this, the mere cravings of hunger and the common wants of life are satisfied, and this done, sponging and companion meannesses are the ways and means to which resort is necessarily made in order to keep up appearances. Gifts of clothing and an occasional (very occasional) well-filled hamper from wealthy relatives supplement the narrow income which, we may be sure, has already been taxed to the uttermost. Invitations to accept the hospitality of friends in distant places are accepted with alacrity, and such visits are too often lengthened until the verge of decency has long been passed.

Could the dictates of sober sense be listened to, and false shame cast out as a foul invader of the home, contentment and a sober happiness might yet be within the grasp of these people. It is hard, doubtless, for girls of gentle nurture to serve at the counter of a store whose proprietors have obsequiously bowed them to the door in bygone years. But a position behind the counter is not the only opening offered nowadays. Hospital work, type writing, the telephone system, hand painting (slightly overdone, it must be admitted, at present), medicine, and even the ranks of the Fourth Estate are now open to striving womanhood. And with such a choice before our girls, there is little necessity for the misery of "Keeping up appearances."



The beginning of the end has come. After cracking my brains and spending sleepless nights to find subjects with some justification for the use of the adjective, "Musical," I have actually this week a ready-made occurrence of undoubted musical tendency to write about! This means that the end of the dull season has begun. On Monday evening the Toronto Opera House opened a fortnight of comic opera, the Kimball Opera Company being the perpetrators of the aforesaid amusement. The opera was Strauss' charming Queen's Lace Handkerchief, and the first criticism that is uttered at the end of the first act, when the *jeunesse dorée* goes out to smoke a cigarette is: "Isn't the chorus jolly!"

Well, the chorus is jolly. It is young, wherein it is remarkable; it is good-looking, ditto, ditto; it sings, wherein again ditto, ditto, and it is graceful, wherein once more ditto, ditto. The fancy marching in the last act is one of the strong features of the performance, and calls forth salvoes of applause at each production. Blanche Chapman as Donna Irene, and Hattie Arnold as the Marchioness, are the life of the opera on the ladies' side, while Ed. Chapman as Sancho, and George Carr as the doughty Minister of War, contribute liberally to the masculine quota of fun. The other characters are fairly well taken, though a little better singing ability would not be objected to when offered as a characteristic of the more serious parts. Still this company offers us a most amusing performance, of which I can say that I hope the performances of Prince Methusalem, the Princess of Trebizonde and the Mikado will be as good.

The concert season looms up quite portentously. On November 2, the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club will give a concert, this company comprises: Mr. Willis Nowell, violin, Herr Charles Palm, violin; Herr Richard Stoeler, viola d'amour; Mons. Adolph Burose, flute; Herr Josef Bechel, double bass; Herr Phillip Roth, violin cello, and Miss Elsa Clark Cushing, soprano, the whole under the management of the veteran Max Bachert. On November 23, a rich treat will be given by a company comprising Miss Emma Juch, soprano; Miss Hope Glenn, contralto; Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg, violinist, and Mme. Carreno, pianist; and on December 4, we shall have the Musin Concert Company, when this most pleasing violinist will be assisted by Miss Annie Louise Tanner, soprano; Mr. Whitney Mockridge, tenor; and Mr. Edwin M. Shonert, pianist.

The Philharmonic Society has gone into its new quarters in the Victoria Hall, and held its first rehearsal on Tuesday evening, when there was a good attendance and when the first part of Samson was gone through. METRONOME.

Ivan Serge Maskoffinrich.

He wrote a thousand poems to the Czar
With loyalty intense and ardent rhyme,
He likened him unto the a.m. star,
And called his person godlike and sublime.

He praised his mighty genius and his will,
To laud his angel-eyes he made a point,
And got twenty pages with great skill,
To glory his nob e second joint.

For this the Czar in dismal frenzy cried,
"He shall no more write verses in my lands,"
And so the post was dragged out and tied
While the court jailer cut off both his hands.

But he, tho' balked, was still by this untamed,
And finding nautical quite a bore,
He hired a man who was not much ashamed,
And he dictated fifty poems more.

Then the fierce Czar rose on his Royal Ear,
And with a Nijin yell, a Moscow shout,
Ordered his serfs his hapless tongue to shear,
And had him flayed for two weeks with a knout.

The luckless wight then sought his hut's repose,
And there his many wounds began to heal,
And soon he managed with his agile toes,
To write another volume with great zeal.

The Czar grew blue about his princely gills
When thi he heard, and bade his doctors flee
To find the bard and drug him with foul pills,
And carve his feet off right above the knee.

Then the poor poet, weakened by such blows,
Bought with his kopecks simply to begin,
Ten alphabets of wooden blocks in rows,
And felt the upraised letters with his chin.

These he could choose and make his serf obey,
And place them nicely till the word was clear
And, by this sweet expedient every day
He wrote, say 70,000 lines a year.

And when the awful Czar heard this, the shock
Made his Imperial forehead anger-black,
And so he had him booted off a dock,
With three brass cannon strapped upon his back.

C. JONES.

Not an Agreeable Topic.

A Chinaman dislikes to say that his friend is dead, but will tell you that "his name has been added to the muster roll of ghosts," or that "he has become one of the ancients." "He has returned to the shades," "he has taken farewell of the world," "he has gone a long journey," are expressions all very frequently used when speaking of the dead. The matter is not always treated with reverence, however, for they will sometimes say: "He has swallowed his breath," or "slipped his skin." "The mountain has collapsed," refers to a dead emperor, and "the dream is over," means that a prince is dead.

Theory of Mind Reading.

The English Society for Psychological Research does not hesitate to accept the theory called telepathy as an approved and demonstrated fact. It is unanimously accepted as the simplest method of explaining a great many psychological phenomena. Brushing away a vast amount of fraud, these men of science do not hesitate to say that it is demonstrable that mind can act directly on mind, apart from such organic communication as is furnished by the body.



W. J. Scanlan has been the attraction during the week at the Grand. During the first three nights Shane-na-Lawn was presented—a play which is fairly well known to Toronto theatergoers. Scanlan is as popular as ever, and has the additional advantage of being well supported by his company. For the first time, on Tuesday night, after many visits to our Toronto theaters, I saw the concrete evidence of a careful attention to matters of detail which, as a general rule, our players are in the habit of treating with undisguised contempt. Mr. Thaddeus Shine, as the cut throat Ronald, presented a "get up" which was simply the most effective one I have seen for some time. The brutal and ruffianly animalism of this character was admirably portrayed, and the natural manner in which Mr. Shine drains his horn of mountain dew in the cave of Moll Shehough is a lesson to more ambitious actors. Miss Stella Teuton, as Rose Redmond, was charmingly natural, and won the sympathies of the audience from beginning to end. A very pretty bit of by-play were the numerous love-tiffs that took place between Scanlan as Shane-na-Lawn and his "colleen," Peggy O'Moore (Matti Ferguson), the arch humor of the latter as well as the former, was well-nigh irresistible. Mr. Edward R. Marsden is a pleasing actor, and I liked him, but I am bound to confess that his nose is against him. It is an aggressive nose, one whose commanding appearance is more suited to the camp than a lady's bower. In the character of Cromwell it would achieve an instantaneous success, but as a lover—well, I think that Mr. Marsden and Mr. Ransome should exchange roles.

Shane-na-Lawn is evidently written to bring out the Irish comedianism of Mr. Scanlan. The plot is purely a secondary consideration, in fact I am not yet quite persuaded that there is one, at any rate there is nothing new or particularly striking in it. The families of the Powers and the Redmonds are at feud with each other. This being the case, naturally the son of the Powers and the daughter of the Redmonds love each other. Parents and relatives on both sides object. The court of true love notes the objection and over-rules it. There is a rival of course, and equally of course he is a "villyun," but virtue and right keep a watchful gaze upon him and he is gloriously tripped in the last act, after placing the suspicion of murder on his rival, who is enabled to prove his innocence, and who finally rejoices in seeing the parents of himself and his love on terms of amity with each other. 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What's Got Stanley?

For Saturday Night.



The Exhibition is in full blast, our country cousins are in town, the addresses to the Governor-General have been duly burned and all is peace and contentment within our borders.

As predicted in this column last week, the report obtains that the famous letter written by Mr. George H. Douglass, of the gallant 24th Kent Infantry, will cause that gentleman to be most properly wigged by the authorities, not for its intrinsic merit, but simply on account of the absurdity of the sentiment which it was intended to convey. I don't care to be concerned in the crushing of a butterfly, nor do I desire to bear a hand in hitting a youngster who is down, and yet I cannot but feel it is well that a damper should be put on the effervescent heroes who seek to save their bleeding country through the columns of the press. It is true indeed that the cackling of a goose saved ancient Rome, and it is equally true that history repeats itself occasionally; but up to the hour of our going to press Canada is in little need of a cackler, and has, therefore, no use for the services of Mr. G. H. Douglass of the 24th Kent Infantry.

A worthy and reputable life indeed is that which is led by Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, who lives in Norfolk Terrace, Bayswater. A nephew of the first Napoleon, during the last sixty years he has almost entirely dissociated himself from the splendid conditions under which he was born, and has gladly lived and labored as a simple student in comparative poverty. Prince Lucien may be considered as one of the great modern philologists. He has translated the Gospel of St. Matthew into no fewer than fifty different dialects, some of which are scarcely known to any other linguist; he is the chief authority on that most curious and difficult of languages, Basque, with all the varieties of which he is perfectly at home. In addition to all this he has partially compiled a magnificent dictionary of all the languages of Europe—a work which probably no other man is qualified to undertake. As a general linguist he has never been excelled unless it be by the renowned Cardinal Mezzofanti, who used to speak, *literally, in divers tongues*. The Prince as a philologist is the equal of Max Muller, and his life has been an equally useful one. Even a Bonaparte may be the servant of humanity.

The departure of K. Sehiman, owing \$25,000, from Quebec for parts which are unknown, has brought some remarkably dirty linen to wash in the business and social circles of the ancient capital. Sehiman, as his name will imply, does not belong to any of the first families. But Sehiman, whilst following the calling of a clothier, was possessed of one handsome piece of furniture, a dashing French *Canadienne*, whom he called his wife. She is credited with being a lovely creature, an opinion which is evidently endorsed by several individuals moving in mercantile circles, who are moving heaven and earth to prevent their names from becoming public in this connection.

Sehiman's plan of operation was this: He introduced his wife (l) to the merchants from whom he bought his stock, and permitted, nay encouraged her to flirt with them to their heart's content. If they flirted, why she flirted—if they invited, she accepted such invitations with a smile that was bewitching in its sweet simplicity. In this way the merchants were easy with the cuckold husband, made him large sales on long credits, and were cheerfully willing to wait for payment from a man who possessed such a handsome and accommodating spouse. He enjoyed excellent credit, and money rolled up in the most satisfactory fashion. Then comes the burst, and Sehiman non est. So is the money of the liquorish mercantile Don Juans.

But the long line of the *Canadienne*'s admirers has not been confined to the ranks of commerce; the bench, the bar, and financial circles are honorably represented, and altogether the details of this affair are of the description which is most savory.

The hideous murders committed by an undoubted maniac in the wretched purloins of Spitalfield, London, England, has thrown all London into a state of horror, which is not lessened by the fact that the police haven't even the time-honored clue to the perpetrator. The murderer's crimes have in each of the four murders found a victim in the most unfortunate class of women, and it is almost beyond a doubt that the madman has vowed special vengeance against the women of this class. His identity is bound to be revealed before very long. The lust of murder when once roused is seldom entirely sated. The man-eating Bengal that has once tasted human blood cares for nothing else in comparison, and the four brutal murders committed by this human tiger have in all probability but whetted his appetite for blood, the gratification of which will certainly bring him to justice in the near future. In the meantime the *newspapers du pays* are conspicuous by their absence on the streets at night.

A Worthing (England) dry goods man advertises for a "consecrated christian lady, accepting full salvation," to sell his hosiery. There is, unhappily, any amount of this pious blasphemy connected with the dry goods trade in England, owing doubtless to the spiritual influence of spring and autumn novelties. Dry goods men, I had always thought, have devised a check system, which prevents erring salvationists from laying their sanctified hands on an employer's cash. I have yet to hear of the publican advertising for "a redeemed soul to assist in the bar," or for "a child of grace to do the cellar-work."

ST. GEORGE.

sight, to see for myself in black and white, before I'd believe these letters and tales delivered

by the African males that reported Henry had ceased from war and stirring up the interior.

He may have wearied of lonely life and taken an African maid for a wife, and the broad Nyanza may heave and ring with the name of "Stanley, the fair-skinned king," or he may be a chief among the braves with thousands of oxen and hundreds of slaves or enjoying a rest at the forest villa of some very distangue she-gorilla. Love is great and his chains are worn by the proudest heroes ever born, and Henry M. may have met his fate and be not so free in his own Free State; or he may be a prince at his royal ease and Congo and come as he dern please.

Again—and I hate to think of it—he may be gulped in that awful pit where "coon, an' possum, an' sweet pertaters, watermelon an' ripe termites, catfish an' ham, an' de ole corn pone, hoe-cake an' lasses all done gone," along with, perchance, a missionary, ripe bananas and cassowary, "roastin' ears" and "ole bug juice" and pullets from "offen de nabor's roost"—fate may have willed it so, and he be mingled with the above debris awaiting the final horn to blow in an ebony casket as below.



Years ago, and years ago, into the mystical we-don't-know went the doctor-parson all alone, the martyr-hero Livingstone; hither and thither wildly tossed, till by-and-bye the old doc got lost. Someone must find him sure, and then was the first appearance of Henry M. He knew the perils he'd have to meet, but thought of them never stayed his feet; savage nations and cannibal feasts, deadly serpents and hungry beasts, toil and trouble, and living harsh, the fever-plague in the sodden marsh; all of these he dared to face and never swerved nor checked his pace, except to rest and bite and sup, for all the horrors and the land scared up, till he found his man and his work begun where ended the task of Scotland's son. They both had traveled many a mile, solving the mysteries of the Nile; they both had gone to the burning South and entered the fearsome river's mouth, unravelling wonders past belief, on and on in the very teeth of dangers that maybe would stop the breath of he who entered those jaws of death. Stanley went on until he learned the wonderful secret for which he burned; like other spirits, his spirit led first in at the mouth then went to the heart; but he like the mail clad Marmion, to the very last said, "On, Stanley, on!" till he stood alone, the first white man to see how the wondrous Nile began, and had the conundrum riddled through and the weird black mystery plain in view, and the World stood agape in reverent awe when they learned what it was that Stanley saw, and I hope some day to be able to tell that his latest excursion ended as well.



If so, I grieve, but what can't be cured, must just be resignedly endured. The heart of his nation may bow in gloom, but we cannot pray o'er the hero's tomb. It can't be did, said tomb's too frisky, and might make the performance extremely risky, for perchance, ere our prayers were half way through, the tomb might wake up and "prey" some, too! If such indeed is the hero's grave, a peaceful rest to his spirit! brave. No doubt he can wait till all is o'er, for he's oft been in a tight place before. But I mourn for the misguided African that made a meal of the Yankee man; for Henry M. could ne'er settle down like the average dweller in a town, for he loved the waste like his own roof-tree, the African waste especially, and he's bound to explore it to his taste, no matter if it's waste, or "waist," and an "African Interior's" just the ground where Stanley is apt to move around.

E. W. SANDS.

A B-a-d Man

He called himself Rattlesnake Bill, and he looked as if he might be a bad man to handle. He was up for drunkenness.

"Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" asked the justice before whom he was being tried.

"You don't try a man before the inquests are held, do you? Don't you take me around first to the undertaker's shop to identify the remains? That is what I have been accustomed to do in Colorado. I am always asked to identify my corse."

"What remains? What inquests?" asked the Recorder.

"The mangy remains of the policeman who tried to arrest me," said the desperado.

"You are laboring under some hallucination, my friend," remarked the Recorder. "You didn't kill any policeman last night."

"Then he isn't dead yet. Take me to the hospital where his life is ebbing away. In Colorado I'm known as the Jumpin' Jimplecteak that chews up railroad iron, an' they allers take me to the bedside of the dying policeman who has tried to arrest me, so that he can identify me as the cyclone that devastated him. Have you taken the ante-mortem of the policeman I partially destroyed last night?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said the justice. "You were arrested and brought to the lock-up by a little stick of a tailor who couldn't sleep on account of the racket you made."

"So, I was arrested by a civilian, was I? Oh, well, that's all right. At first I was afraid I had disgraced myself. I was afraid I had allowed a squad of policemen to take me. Any citizen can arrest me with impunity. Civilians are beneath my resentment. It's officers of the law I'm after. When wan a fight I want some two or three policemen to tackle me as an inducement. It takes five able-bodied policemen to make it interesting enough for me to let myself out. I never fish for sardines."

He was fined.

Mr. Mitzenheimer in Search of a Hotel.

Mr. Mitzenheimer, of the firm of Mitzenheimer, Clapperman & Jacobstein, went to the mountains to spend his summer vacation. On his journey in quest of a cool region, he heard of a hotel that refused to entertain Jews.

"Mein Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed Mitzenheimer, in a tone of tumultuous wrath: "Ain't a Chew good as anybody's? Ain't a Chew a white man? I will go to dot hotel and stay dar if ut gos me my life."

Then Mitzenheimer sought out the accursed hotel, and asked for accommodations in a tone of imperial command.

"We will entertain you with great pleasure, and guarantee satisfaction," replied the urbane and courteous clerk.

"Ain't dis de place where dey don't hab Chews?"

"Oh, no! we have nothing but Jews here. No Gentiles allowed on the premises."

"Den I don't stay here if you pay me fifty dollars a day. You reckon respectable Chews goin' to be cooped up off to themselves like dey was some inferior animals!"

Unlimited Cake and Pie.

Bobby was admiring the fat boy at the dime museum.

"Mamma," he said, "what a kind mother he must have!"

The Needful Thing.

Looker on—Now, I suppose what you need most in one of these long runs is pluck.

Professional Runner—No, mister; breath.

What Ailed the Horse.



Artist's Friend (after regarding the picture critically)—That's a peculiar looking picture that you call Turned Out to Die. What's the reason of it?

Artist—I'm sketching it in distemper. Yes, I see—horse distemper.

Texan Amenities.

Two Texans met each other on the opposite banks of a stream, and exchanging greetings, many friendly questions were put and answered. The men were evidently delighted to see each other, and their only regret appeared to be that the meeting was in a place where it was impossible for them to clasp and shake hands, the river not being fordable on account of its swiftness and the rocky, treacherous nature of the channel, while the nearest bridge was five miles above. Both men lamented these unfortunate circumstances, but at length a way of getting over the difficulty suggested itself to one of them, whose pet name was "Broncho Bill."

"I say, Sam," cried Broncho, "it's a little rough for old friends and neighbors to meet away out here, thousands of miles away from home, and then have to part in this way. Got yer pistol with ye?"

"I hey," cried Sam—"allers carry her."

"Good! That's one comfort; ef we can't get across this yer stream to shake hands, why, that's nothin' to prevent us from takin' a shot at each other! Jist ride up to yer left that a rod or two. Thar! Now jist one good old neighborly shot!"

The men rode aside, and "Bang, bang!" went their pistols. "Yer smashed the pummel of my saddle!" cried Broncho.

"Yer see the horse shied a little jist as yer turned loose, or ye might'a plumped me good."

"Yer done better, Bill; yer got into the flesh of my arm 'bout half an inch. Good mornin' to you!"

"Turn loose, Bill; yer got into the flesh of my arm 'bout half an inch. Good mornin' to you!"

"Turn loose, Bill; yer got into the flesh of my arm 'bout half an inch. Good mornin' to you!"

Anno Domini 60,000.

Elsie—Do you believe in long marriage engagements, dear, as they did in the middle ages—1888, for instance?

Olga—Not much. Why, I met my husband at one o'clock and was his wife at two the same day.

Elsie—And I met Harry at 10 a.m. and was his wife at 9:55 a.m.

Olga—How do you make that out?

Elsie—That clock was five minutes fast!

The Man Who Is Down.

The world is harsh to the man who is down. There doesn't appear to be any place for him among his more prosperous fellows. Those who succeed through good fortune or on account of well directed effort, seem to take it as an affront that the poor devil who is down has the audacity to keep or live. Those who knew him in his prosperous days are prone to shun him, and those who never knew him are not desirous to make his acquaintance. If there was any way of concealing the truth he might have some show for climbing up again, but unfortunately it cannot be hid, and there are a thousand ways in which the fact that he is

down is proclaimed to an unsympathizing world. In the first place there is his seedy attire, then his gaunt countenance and the hopeless look in his eye. His actions bespeak his condition, and the tones of his voice are accusing witnesses, giving continual testimony against him. The consolation he receives when it is offered, generally serves no other purpose than to make him feel his degradation all the more keenly. Of what use is a pious tract to a starving man, or a temperance lecture to a sufferer from drink? Yet there are many good people who think they have performed their whole duty to an unfortunate brother through such ministrations.

The Treacherous Shot-Gun.

There is a vicious perversity about a loaded shot gun which denotes a degree of depraved intelligence that is quite surprising at times. Napoleon said that bayonets think, and we are inclined to think that shot-guns entertain opinions of their own. Take one of the best behaved and it will make a grand kick sometimes, especially when laboring under an unjust charge which it is prone to resent. It is when a hunter places it in a wagon that a shot gun displays its innate depravity to the worst advantage. No matter in what position he is careful to lay it when he starts, it invariably presents its muzzle to the hunter when he wants to draw it out. And then it goes off without the slightest provocation as soon as he reaches for it. A shot gun under such circumstances can be discharged simply by the hammer coming in contact with a straw, when, at other times, having a bead drawn on desirable game, the hunter can't induce it to go off by pulling on the trigger with his might and main. An empty shot gun that has been resting in the garret for years has been known to go off with the utmost vivacity as it is brought down stairs, particularly if the humorist of the family points it in a playful way at his little brother or sister. You can't trust a shot gun whether it is loaded or not.

A Pertinent Question.

He was doing very nicely in the parlor when a solemn voice came through the open window from the porch: "That young man makes me very tired."

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, as he hastily started up, "it is only Polly, our parrot."

"I understand it's the parrot," he replied; "but I would like to know who taught her to talk."—*New York Sun.*

They Must be Pure.

Keate was a great teacher and ruler. He was also a tremendous dogger. On one occasion, so the story goes, he addressed the boys upon the sixth beatitude and the substance of his comment has come down to us—"Blessed are the pure in heart." Mind that. It's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart I'll flog you!"

How It Affects Him.



He was very late from Coney Island and was struggling to pull his boots off.

"M'dear," he said, "I never (hic) go down t' seashore an' watch the—er—boundin' billows an' sad sea waves 'thout (hic) being filled with awe an'—an'—"

"Beer!" suggested his wife.

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING!

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CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Tennant fulfilled his intention of calling upon Mr. Kenswold the day after the *Plas Newydd* ball; and the day following his visit the jeweler called at Bryn-mawr between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, having already interviewed Lady Du Quesne.

Brande was out when Mr. Kenswold came—indeed, just at this time Brande was always out as long as daylight lasted, except at meal-times—and Molly, standing at the drawing-room window, saw the jeweler's dog cart coming, and ran to Mr. Tennant, who was in his study at the back of the house, to announce the fact.

As she saw the look of fear which clouded his face, she understood how greatly he dreaded hearing what Mr. Kenswold might have to tell him.

Had Molly studied her own wishes she would have asked to be allowed to be present at the interview, but her anxiety to spare her uncle's feelings overcame her curiosity. If Mr. Kenswold had any terrible revelations to make, she knew her presence would increase her uncle's sufferings, because he would grieve for her as much as for himself. So she went back to the drawing-room and waited quietly, passing Mr. Kenswold with a smiling "Good-day" on her way.

"I've got the information you wanted, Mr. Tennant," said the jeweler, as soon as the study door was shut behind him. "Her ladyship was particularly gracious and communicative when she found I had come to see her necklace."

"Oh, you saw it?" remarked Mr. Tennant, with interest.

"Yes, I saw it. She was only too glad to have an excuse for showing it."

"And what do you think of the pearls, Kenswold?"

"Very fine—very fine indeed!"

"As fine as—

"Yes," replied Mr. Kenswold, not waiting for the rest of the question—"quite as fine as yours—at least two of them are. The third I am a little doubtful about. Her ladyship thinks the two best are even finer than yours, but that, I take it, is only the glamour of possession: the are identical, as far as I could judge."

"You remember, you told me the day I d—overcome the loss that you believed you would be able to recognize my pearls if you saw them," observed Mr. Tennant, slowly, as if he were forcing the words from his lips. "Did you form any opinion on the subject?"

Mr. Kenswold fidgeted in his chair for a few moments before he replied.

"You did not touch on that point in your letter, Mr. Tennant, and it's a rather nasty thing to give an opinion on, the jewels being in possession of a person of Lady Du Quesne's standing. Still I know you won't repeat it, on my unsupported word, if I tell you what I think. Mind, I do not assert it as a fact, for I should have to test them thoroughly before I could be absolutely certain, but, from the cursory examination I made, I believe the two finest pearls are two of those you have lost."

The master of Bryn-mawr did not speak at once; his heart was beating with painful violence, and he drew a long breath before he put his next question.

"And did you find out who got them for her?"

"Yes; Mr. Heffermann, of Cross Street, Hay-market. You mentioned his name among others when I was here last November. When I called upon him about this very job, he told me he had already received a commission direct from her ladyship. I told you at the time, you know, that she had been to half the jewelers in London."

"I remember you did. I'm very much obliged for all the trouble you've taken for me. Mr. Kenswold—very much obliged. And now what will you have before you go? A nip of something, a glass of sherry, or are you old woman enough to prefer going to Miss Griffiths for a cup of tea?"

"I should prefer the tea," said Mr. Kenswold; and then, as they rose, he asked a question. "Don't tell me unless you choose, Mr. Tennant, but I'm a little bit curious to know if you mean to let the matter drop here."

"I don't think so. I've not quite made up my mind yet, but I think I shall go up to London and see this Heffermann myself."

Mr. Kenswold nodded his approval of this notion, and then they went to the drawing-room. The busy jeweler drank a cup of tea and hurried off, being anxious to get back to Carnarvon before the daylight failed.

When he had gone Molly crossed to the piano and began playing very softly. She was eager to know what had passed in the study; but she would not increase her uncle's anxiety by putting questions which might be troublesome to answer. She could not see the notes, but, having once commenced, she went on from one tender little air to another, selecting almost unconsciously the saddest and most plaintive airs she knew; somehow they seemed to come unbidden, as if her hands moved in subtle sympathy with her troubled thoughts.

Griffiths Tenant came across the room presently and sat down close to her.

"There are tears in your music this evening, Molly," he said; "I can hear them falling quite plainly. Slow, hopeless tears are there; there is no passion in their grief, only the passiveness of despair."

"You fancy it, dear," she answered penitently. "I would not make you low-spirited for the world! I won't play any more."

"Molly," he began again after a pause, "I am going up to London tomorrow."

In her surprise, she betrayed her curiosity in spite of herself.

"Then you have heard something!" she cried, clasping her hands nervously in the darkness.

"Yes," he returned quietly. "I have heard something that I cannot intrust to any one else to unravel. I have found out whom Lady Du Quesne got her pearls from; and I am going up to see the person who sold them to her."

"What is his name, uncle Griffiths?"

"Heffermann, of Cross Street."

Molly rose, with a sharp cry of pain, and then stood still for a moment, for she was certain her cry had been echoed by some one in the room.

"Was it Brande, she asked herself, and had he heard the name and address which seemed to her the absolute confirmation of her worst fears? That letter which her cousin had walked into the village before breakfast to post on the morning after the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner, that registered letter the receipt for which had passed through her hands after wards, had been addressed to this man, who had found the pearls for Lady Du Quesne. Was not the inference plain enough? Could she any longer doubt what her reason pointed out so unerringly?

Then a new fear smote her as she sank down upon her music stool. If Brande had heard his uncle say he was going to this Heffermann's to-morrow, there was no knowing to what lengths his horror and fright might drive him. Was he in the room still, lurking somewhere in the shadow behind them, or had he crept out quietly round the door-screen and rushed away to hide his disgrace in flight, or by suicide, or by something as dreadful? A wild desire seized her to know where he was—to see for herself that he was safe.

"Did you hear anything in the room?" she asked, and when Mr. Tennant replied in the negative she said she was getting nervous and would go and ask Martin—poor Hewetson's successor—for a lamp. She kissed her uncle tenderly as she passed, and expressed a hope

that all they could both wish might result from his visit to Cross-street; but the moment she reached the hall her manner changed.

"Martin," she said, as she met the man with a tray of glasses, "did Mr. Brande come in just now?"

"He has just gone out, miss, he replied; 'I saw him go out by the glass door this instant as I came through the back hall."

Acting upon the impulse of her sudden unreasonable fright, she ran down the hall and out of the glass door into the open air. A short path, bordered by a high clipped yew hedge, led from this door to the main drive, just at the spot where tall iron gates closed in the stable-yard. She stood for a few moments at this point, undecided whether to follow the drive round to the front of the house or to turn in at the gates and inquire of the helpers if Mr. Brande had passed through the stables and out at the back. While she stood there, hesitating, she saw the light of a lantern coming across the stable-yard towards her, and at the same time she heard her cousin's voice, and another voice in reply.

With a sudden consciousness of the equivocalness of her position, she shrank back into the shadow of the hedge, as two men passed through the gate, not far in front of her. "Wait a moment, Tom!" said Brande. "I want you to go to Blenna as well, and send off a telegram for me. I spoke about the stirrup-iron before the other fellows because I don't want this telegram talked about. It is on very private business, and the master doesn't wish you to speak to any one about it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I can hold my tongue."

"All right! Now just read the message I have written on this piece of paper, to make sure there is no mistake, as it is a very important matter."

Tom threw the light from his lantern on to the slip of paper—a page torn from a pocket-book—and read slowly and aloud—

"To Franz Heffermann, 14 Cross Street, Hay-market, London. Griffiths Tenant will call upon you to-morrow; be on your guard: keep things dark."

"Quite right!" said Brande. "Now get off as quickly as you can; and don't forget to bring the stirrup-iron back with you. And here's half-a-crown for yourself."

Invisible herself, in her black dress, and standing in the deep shadow of the hedge, Molly could see the outline of Brande's figure as he waited a few moments in the drive, listening apparently to Tom's footsteps on the gravel until he turned the corner of the house.

Then Brande came down the side-path, brushing Molly's gown as he passed, and muttering—

"It's no good having a fu—over the matter now. I can't do any of us any good for the dear old man to know. It's no good adding to our present misery and shame."

Molly heard every word, and as she heard she felt as if her heart were changing into a stone. Where and how would it all end? she wondered sorrowfully. She felt with Brande himself that it would do no good to let uncle Griffiths know the truth now, that it would only be causing him unnecessary pain; and yet, woman-like, she was grieved at her cousin's duplicity and scheming.

"Brande is not with me, Molly child," said Mr. Tenant, fancying he saw her looking inquiringly beyond him into the darkness; "Powell sent a groom to meet me with a note instead our truant is going to stay over Sunday."

"I am glad," returned Molly sincerely; "the change will do him good."

Though she did not tell her uncle of it, she had another reason for being glad at Brande's continued absence. The relations between them had become more strained than ever since she had ceased from her efforts to put her love at his ease, and she found it difficult to maintain his appearances.

"Aren't you famished?" she asked brightly. "Dinner only awaits your signal."

She took her face between his hands and looked at her for a few moments, his head inclined a little on one side.

"You are a wonderful little woman," he said; "you are dying with anxiety to hear my news, and yet you are generous enough to forbear from asking a question. I will reward you by giving you a full, true, and particular account after dinner."

Molly nodded assent to this arrangement, and smiled her gratitude to him, urging him up-stairs to his dressing room without letting him speak another word. She was not really so curious as he imagined. She knew that, thanks to Brande's timely warning to Mr. Heffermann, it was almost a matter of certainty that her uncle had not obtained the information in search of which he had gone; but this knowledge she kept carefully to herself. Although she was anxious to have the mystery with regard to the pearls cleared up, her loyalty to Brande would not allow her to speak a word that might help to convict him of the crime; though she fully believed in his sin, she would not say or do anything that might strengthen the belief in others.

When they had finished dinner and the servant had left the room, Mr. Tennant broached the subject at once.

"Bring your chair down here, Molly," he said, clearing a space on the table at the corner nearest to him as he spoke. "We can't be too careful how we talk on this subject, can we? I think you have guessed that I have not found out what I wanted to know."

Molly nodded her head.

"How did you guess it?"

"I fancied you would have told me at once if you had," she replied, feeling very mean and sly.

"I suppose I should," he admitted, thoughtfully. "Well, Molly, I'll tell you all about it, dear; you have as much right to know all about the matter as anyone. I sent a note by to the hotel, asking him if he would name a time for an interview. We are not absolute strangers, Heffermann and I. When I was quite a young man I remember going with my father to him to see if we could save some of the plate which my grandfather had pledged to him; but we couldn't—the accumulated interest was too heavy. Well, I went at the time appointed, and—would you believe me, Molly! if I had not been absolutely certain to the contrary, if I had not known positively that you, Kenswold, and myself were the only people who knew the motive of my visit, I should have thought he knew all about it before I spoke a word."

"What made you think that, uncle?" she asked.

"Why, he looked at me with such a queer expression of cuteness the moment I was shown in to him, just for all the world as if he were saying to himself, 'You've come here to try to trap me into saying something, have you?' Well, you've had your trouble for nothing: I'm on your guard against you, sir, and you don't get a word more out of me than I choose you to know."

Molly felt a thrill of fear as she listened. If he had detected thus much of the truth, might he not have discovered more, in spite of Brande's precautions?

"I went straight to the matter in hand at once," continued Mr. Tennant. "You had a commission from Lady Du Quesne a few weeks ago to obtain some pearls for her, I think?" I fancied he looked a little surprised, but he answered at once that I was right—he had.

"And he adder, as if he felt some remark was expected from him—"Are you going to make a long stay, sir?"

"No," answered Mr. Tennant, relieved beyond measure that the announcement of his departure had not provoked a volley of inquiries as to its cause—"not more than a couple of days. I only made up my mind this afternoon—an hour ago, in fact."

"What train do you go by?" asked Molly.

seeing her uncle's confusion and knowing the reason of it.

"The 9.25 from Carnarvon I think."

"I'll drive you in," said Brande; "and I think I'll go on to Tom Powell's for a day or two. I heard from him this morning, asking me to go over for the lawn meet at Gwynnant on Thursday, and saying he could put a couple of horses up for me. He's had large additions made to his stables, he says. He's turning that place into quite a respectable hunting-

box."

"The gong!" exclaimed Molly, rising and making her escape, that her cousin might not see how she took this abrupt announcement of his intended absence.

What did it mean? she asked herself amazedly. Was Brande trying to shake her off? It looked like it, and yet after all that had happened it seemed impossible. Surely, if the engagement were to be broken off at all, the initiative should come from her, not from him!

It seemed to her that this was the height of ingratitude. After she had suppressed her scruples, had resolutely set aside her pride, after she had by her conduct ignored the past, as far as her constant self-consciousness would allow, and behaved to him just as if she had every reason to think him the best and most estimable of men, that he should turn round and fling her generosity in her face! It was monstrous! It was cruel! Apart from her just indignation, she felt that she had gone as far now in her efforts to smooth matters as her self-respect would allow or as her uncle could justifiably expect. She loved Brande—yes, she loved him dearly, in spite of everything. Having once given her love, she found herself utterly unable to withdraw it again, even though she found the recipient unworthy. Her affection rose paramount to all considerations of moral rectitude. But, although she could not help loving him, she was not inclined to humiliate herself by holding him to a promise which he was evidently unwilling to fulfil; she would not stoop to sue as a favor for that which had been granted to her as a right. Before she went down to dinner that evening she had resolved to make no more attempts to propitiate Brande—the next advance must come from him.

CHAPTER X.

The next two days passed wearily enough with Molly. In spite of long walks with the dogs and equally long talks with Mrs. Price, the girl found the hours drag wofully in the great sombre, echoing house. Had she known how lonely it would be she would have gone over and spent the time with her sister Althea, who had married a cotton spinner in Manchester; indeed, she would have done so in any case had she not dreaded her cross-examination in the present state of affairs. She knew her sister well enough to be sure that before they had been together she had done so in any case had she not dreaded her cross-examination in the present state of affairs. She knew her sister well enough to be sure that before they had been together she had done so in any case had she not dreaded her cross-examination in the present state of affairs. She knew her sister well enough to be sure that before they had been together she had done so in any case had she not dreaded her cross-examination in the present state of affairs.

"I looked him straight in the face, Molly, and asked him if I really understood him aright. 'Do you mean that it is possible the articles which find their way to you are not always obtained honestly in the first place?' I asked. 'He shook his head and refused to look at the matter in a serious light. 'That is a part of the subject upon which I never touch,' he said. 'If I receive an order to obtain some especially rare gems in a given time, and I am lucky enough to obtain them, then I open my mouth and shut my eyes, and take thankfully what my agents send me. It is presumable that they have made every great effort to oblige me, and it would be the height of ingratitude on my part to harass and perplex them with inquiries. They might not be so willing to put themselves out of the way for me another time, you see.'

"Well, I could make nothing of this, Molly, so I bade him good morning and came away. You see I could not be more precise in my inquiries, without giving my reason for them; and, if I had told him that I was anxious to know where these particular pearls came from because I believed they had been stolen from me, our loss would soon have been made public, which is just what we want to avoid."

"Would not the law be able to force him to tell where he got them from, uncle?" inquired Molly.

"Not unless I previously signed an affidavit, stating my belief that they were mine; and that arrangement is out of the question."

"Quite out of the question!" retorted Molly grimly. "And so you've had that long dreary ride to London and back for nothing!"

It was only by a great effort that she suppressed all signs of her relief at knowing that it was so.

They were very careful, these two, when speaking of the loss of the pearls, never to put all their thoughts into words. They never said to each other, "We both believe Brande stole the Bryn-mawr treasures on the night of the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner, and sold them to Heffermann, telling him where he could find a good market for them"; but they were convinced in their hearts that such was really the case; and then they knew the other's opinion on the matter as well as they knew their own.

Brande did not return home for three clear weeks after Mr. Tennant's journey to town, and during this time his fiancee received neither word nor sign from him. Molly and her uncle both thought he stayed away so long because he feared to meet them after the possibility of revelations being made by Heffermann.

At last uncle Griffiths took the management of affairs into his own hands. It was now the end of January, and, if the wedding was to take place on the date originally fixed—the 23rd of March—there was no time to be wasted in making the necessary preparations. So, without saying anything to Molly—who he thought was likely to oppose his doing so—he wrote and begged Brande to come home; and the young man came at once.

Molly was out walking when he arrived, and on her return to the house, she came upon him in the hall talking to Mr. Mackenzie, the bailiff, and surrounded by a c

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

Her first orders were for a dinner and reception dress, and upon these both Emelie and her faithful ally, Mary Walker, labored with all their talent and skill.

Tony were marvels of artistic beauty, and their customers went away delighted to recommend to their dear five hundred friends the treasure they had discovered in their dress-maker.

Orders poured in upon Madame Graham from that hour, and corps of seamstresses was engaged forthwith. Madame became the fashion, and from that time there was no fear that the world would ever walk in at their door.

Meantime she had heard several times from Adrien Earlescourt, who wrote of his safe return; then later of his pursuits, in friendly letters, which possessed a strange fascination for the young widow, although they did not breathe one word of the love which he still cherished for her, and hoped some day to find courage to plead again.

Mrs. Graham replied to him in the same friendly spirit, telling him of her change of residence, but never a word of the dire necessity that had caused it. She simply remarked that they thought the change would be advantageous since their old home had been destroyed; and so Adrien Earlescourt never dreamed of the woman, whom he so fondly loved, was toiling for her daily bread.

It was too, for there was much that was perplexing and annoying, and even disgusting at times, in being at the mercy of the capricious and exacting lovers of fashion who thronged her rooms and demanded her time and attention.

Mr. Earlescourt believed that she was still in affluence, and his letters showed this, while he warmly commended her tenderness and nobility in adopting as her own the little wif whom they had saved on that never-to-be-forgotten night when they had, too, had so narrow an escape. He often remarked that he should always feel deeply interested in little Miss Graham.

Two years passed and this friendly correspondence continued, and Mr. Earlescourt did not once speak of the love that he still cherished until the end of that time.

Then he wrote a manly, earnest declaration of his affection, telling Emelie that he had loved her from the hour of their first meeting in London, and had only waited until then to formally ask her hand out of respect for her bereavement. Could she love him well enough to come to his heart and home, and brighten all his future life? he asked. With-out her he must continue to live in loneliness, and with a ceaseless regret with her life would be one long season of joy and hope.

Emelie Graham grew very sorrowful as she read this tenderly entreating letter.

Of late she had been learning again the lesson of love. She realized that to spend her life with such a man as Adrien Earlescourt would be a delightful release from toil and care—and that she would be carefully sheltered and protected from all future struggles with the world by the deep and lasting affection of a king among men.

But her pride suddenly interposed a seemingly impassable barrier.

When Mr. Earlescourt had learned to love her she had been the admired and wealthy Mrs.



"THIS PACKAGE IS YOURS. I'VE FEARED I WASN'T DOING RIGHT—BUT YOU'LL FORGIVE ME!"

Graham's equal in every respect. To-day she was only Emelie Graham, the modiste—a servant to those among whom she had once shone conspicuously.

Having sedulously kept this a secret from him, he doubtless believed he was asking a woman of wealth and high position to share his home. She could not believe he would have done this if he had known the truth.

She could not bring herself to confess it at this late day, and she would not be dishonest enough to accept him without doing so.

So, although she knew that she was wilfully putting away from her a life of love and happiness, and dooming herself to toil and loneliness she resolutely, but kindly, declined his offer; yet begged to be allowed to regard him the same valued friend as of yore.

When Adrien Earlescourt read this letter his handsome face grew white and full of pain.

"The whole epistle is entirely unlike her," he said, as he read it through for the second time. "It is constrained and unnatural, as if she was trying to hide something from me. She does not say that she does not—cannot love me. She avoids the question of affection entirely, and simply writes that she cannot be my wife, without giving any reason for her refusal. There is some mystery about it. I believe I could win her if there was not."

He was not a man to lightly relinquish a purpose when once it was formed, and he determined to know the reason of Emelie Graham's refusal of his suit.

The very next steamer found him on his way to America.

Reaching New York, his first act was to call for a directory and look up Mrs. Graham's address.

The moment his eye fell upon it his face lighted, and to him the mystery of his rejection was explained.

"Madame Emelie Graham, fashionable modiste, No. 87—street," he read.

"Dear little woman," he murmured, a tremulous smile curving his fine lips, "she lost everything in that terrible fire, and she came to New York to escape from her aristocratic friends, and to battle for her invalid mother and the child she adopted. Noble woman; my heart's deepest reverence, as well as my love is hers, and I will stop at nothing in an honorable way to win her."

Two hours later he rang the bell at Madame Graham's door.

A neatly dressed servant admitted and conducted him to a small reception room furnished in exquisite taste.

"I have no cards with me," he said, in reply to the maid's inquiry regarding his name. "You can tell Mrs. Graham that an old friend wishes to see her."

Ten minutes later the door opened again, and Emelie herself entered. She was clad in a rav-

ishing costume of gray relieved by pipings of pale lavender; and was more beautiful than ever, although he detected a slightly care-worn expression about her eyes.

A look of curiosity and expectation was on her face, for she believed one of her Chicago friends had sought her out; but it changed instantly to one of eager delight, as she sprang forward with outstretched hands.

"Adrien—Mr. Earlescourt!" she cried, taken wholly by surprise, and then the rich color suffused her at having addressed him so familiarly. He had signed his letters to her thus for some time, and she had grown to think of him by that name alone.

His heart bounded with sudden gladness at the sound; his face was all aglow with hope and love.

"Emelie! I boldly responded, drawing her toward him and looking earnestly into her lovely eyes, "I could not take that cruel letter as my answer, and so I have come for you."

She cast one startled glance at him; she opened her lips as if to speak, but no sound came from them, and she tried to withdraw the hands that he was holding in a strong, loving clasp.

"Nay, they are mine," he said, smiling, "I could not let them go so easily. I know all about it now though at first your rejection was a mystery to me. Emelie Graham never dictated that letter; it was pride that would not confess the losses, the struggles and trials of the past two years, yet would not deceive me or allow me to take an irretrievable step in the dark. Emelie, I have come to claim my fate from your own lips; if you can assure me that you cannot become my wife because you do not love me, I will go back again at once and try to bear my loss as patiently as may be. Darling, be frank with me—you owe it to me, I think—can you honestly tell me that you do not love me?"

He knew she could not from the lovely flush that came and went on her cheek, from the shy, downcast eyes and the trembling yet now passive hands that lay in his.

He had known it the moment she had spoken from the note of eager joy in her voice.

But his face grew luminous with tender triumph when she lifted her truthful glance to his and murmured:

"No, I cannot."

CHAPTER IX.

A WEDDING—A RETROSPECT—A MYSTERY.

A smile of tenderness and joy illuminated Adrien Earlescourt's face at this confession, and drawing the woman of his love to his breast, he folded his strong arms about her.

"I thought I should solve the riddle if I came in person," he said, fondly, as he drew her to a seat.

"Riddle?" she repeated, looking up inquisitively, while her beautiful face was like the dawn in her new-found happiness.

"Yes; I told you that your letter was wholly unlike you. But for the penmanship and your signature, I never should have believed that you wrote it. I knew at once that something was very wrong with you, and I was determined to know what it was. The moment I found your address in the directory it was made plain to me."

"I could not tell you," she faltered. "You had known me only as rich, prosperous, and occupying a high social position—I could not explain that if you took me, it must be empty-handed."

He tilted her hands reverently to his lips.

"All the more reason why I should take you," he replied, tenderly. "Dear, busy hands; how faithfully they have wrought! But they belong to me, now—do they not?"

"Yes, if you will have them, in spite of everything," Emelie Graham murmured, with a brilliant flush and tremulous smile, although there were tears in her eyes, she was so touched by his nobility.

His great love humbled her, too, shamed her pride, and yet she experienced a bidden relief, a sense of rest and comfort in the possession of it.

"When may I have them? When will you be my wife, Emelie? Let it be just as early as possible, dear. How soon can you get ready to go back to England with me?"

She looked up, startled.

"You are taking me by storm," she said, smiling. "But you forget—there is mamma—"

"They people shall be my people," he interposed.

"And Marie—"

"Dear little May! Have we not both an equal interest in her? Can we not persuade Mrs. Gerard to accompany us? And Marie—as I see you like to call her—shall be regularly adopted as Miss Earlescourt."

Emelie Graham's lips trembled and she could not reply. She never half comprehended the greatness of the man's nature. All her burdens, all her difficulties were slipping from her shoulders beneath the magic of his love, while he wrapped the mantle of protection so tenderly about her that all care and anxiety seemed suddenly shut away from her.

"How long will it take to settle up your business?" Mr. Earlescourt cont ned, practically as he saw that she was on the point of breaking down.

The question restored her composure instantly, and her active mind began at once to plan for the bright future awaiting her.

She felt sure that her assistant, Mary Walker, would be glad to become the proprietress of her well-regulated establishment and flourishing business. It would take but very little time to make the transfer, and she had no outstanding bills to collect, for she has rigidly insisted upon doing a cash business from the first.

She knew well enough that her mother would have done this if he had known the truth.

She could not bring herself to confess it at this late day, and she would not be dishonest enough to accept him without doing so.

So, although she knew that she was wilfully putting away from her a life of love and happiness, and dooming herself to toil and loneliness she resolutely, but kindly, declined his offer; yet begged to be allowed to regard him the same valued friend as of yore.

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ishing costume of gray relieved by pipings of pale lavender; and was more beautiful than ever, although he detected a slightly care-worn expression about her eyes.

Mrs. Walker was very much pleased and exceedingly grateful for the generous offer which Mrs. Graham made her—to take her establishment and business just as it stood, allowing her only the cost for fixtures and furnishings, this to be paid at her own convenience.

The month slipped rapidly by, and one morning there was a very quiet wedding in Mrs. Graham's parlor, when she was made the wife of Adrien Earlescourt.

There were only a very few witnesses present at that marriage. The mother and adopted daughter of the bride, the wife and daughters of the officiating clergyman, together with Miss Walker and the half-dozen seamstresses, who had learned to love their employer for her invariable kindness and consideration toward them, as well as for the liberal wages which she had always paid them, and to each of whom, now at parting, she gave a handsome sum.

The beautiful woman had never looked lovelier than she did on this morning in her rich yet simple traveling suit of silver-gray, and with the look of perfect peace and happiness in her shining eyes and on her smiling lips.

A bountiful breakfast was served after the ceremony, and two hours later the bridal party went on board the elegant steamer that was to bear them to their English home.

Arriving in London, Mr. Earlescourt took handsome apartments in St. James' square, where they were to remain until he could have his fine mansion in Devonshire properly prepared to receive his bride. This was to occupy some months, and during that time the beautiful Mrs. Earlescourt shone once more, a bright particular star, in the circles which she had so graced and where she had been such a favorite two years previous.

Her marriage with Mr. Earlescourt had taken the fashionable world entirely by surprise, since they had no record of it until their friends received their cards after their return; but people, being in utter ignorance of the losses and bitter experiences through which the bride had passed, pronounced it a very suitable match, and manifested their approval by numerous receptions and parties in her honor.

When the London season was over Adrien Earlescourt took his happy family home, where they settled into an ideal household, of which his cherished wife, Emelie, became the charm and center.

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Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

Mrs. Langtry has gone to London, seeking for a new play, and a sometime sweetheart. "Freddie" Gebhard, you know, left for the same place some weeks before, and, from all one can gather in a public way, in a buff with the Lily upon jealous grounds. How good! and how romantic, too, all this! We hear of every new move; the goings and the comings of these people are of vital interest to various reporters and a new rumor cleverly exploited is a reputation for the journal printing it.

One of the places of our city that attracts the idle man-about-town occasionally, but mostly the many visiting out-of-town people who make up a very large floating population, the county merchants and the young fellows who are doing New York, is the concert hall and beer garden on West 23rd street, formerly known as a decent German place, where you might listen to excellent music, and, if you wished, indulge in a quiet glass of lager. Koster's, as the place is now known, is the respectable (?) relic of such notorious places as the Cremona Gardens on 32nd street, and the even more pronounced resort on 31st street, known as Tom Gould's. I dropped into Koster's a few evenings ago to see a young woman and hear her sing. Her name is Marsden, Blanche Marsden. Some time ago we were all startled with the news of a suicide; the man who had found life no longer worth living was a successful dramatist, a popular man, a man who had, apparently, cause for content and for comfort in position and competency obtained. He left letters telling of a home that was made bitter, and a heart that was broken by a daughter's waywardness. Frederick Marsden died thus in the prime of manhood, at the height of success.

This story took me to see the daughter. She is a pretty woman; her figure is exhibited with an apparent knowledge of its value in its entirety. There appears no sort of prudishness, not even the shadow of modesty; no resort to skirts to hinder movement or obstruct the view. She sang something with a refrain, "I think so, don't you?" smiled at the mob of men and brazen women that filled the hall, responded to several encores prompted by an admiration of the daring costume, and retired amidst audible comment that would make a good many men ashamed of being found near enough to hear. This sort of thing appeals to the same curiosity that attracts a crowd to the morgue or about a person injured in the street. Most of the onlookers see it as a thing apart; the real tragedy of the lives that are nearly related never seems to show itself. There is more of comedy than aught else; it is amusing, especially so with a savor of "naughtiness." "The pity of it" is heard but rarely!

The Florences open their season in Toronto next week, and I envy you the privilege of hearing them. A new play, I believe, success to it, say I, and of course it can't be otherwise. Two more charming stage people do not exist; their popularity is as wide as our continent. Mr. Florence, you know, is writing, or has written a book about his career on the stage. It will abound in funny stories and humorous situations as a matter of course. His style as a literary fellow has been established, and some of his published short stories have been copied widely.

Lord Chumley, the new Lyceum Theater play, written by H. C. De Mille and David Belasco, is one of the most delightful things I have had the pleasure of listening to for some years. It is one of those plays in which an unpretentious character, a man who appreciates his own shortcomings in the way of mental sharpness, is permitted a chance to show to the world and to his friends that true nobleness and actual heroism are often found in most unexpected quarters. Lord Chumley is a young swell of the Dundreary type, slow as to seeing a joke, a bit heavy as to doing things. He loves the sister of his chum, the son of a tradesman, proposes, is rejected and accused of mercenary motives. The brother is to leave for war; on the eve of his departure he is accosted by a villainous blackleg to whom he has forfeited his honor, during a drunken game of cards. The fellow demands a letter to the sister, telling of sacrifice on his part, put in a way that will urge her to accept his offer of marriage. Chumley to the rescue! He discovers the situation, and foils the rascal with his own weapons. The brother goes to the war, Chumley to an attic where he can save, by sacrificing every luxury to which he has been accustomed, enough money to pay in full the obligations of his friend. The play ends happily, poetic justice is duly meted out to the bad Frenchman, and Chumley wins the heart of the girl he loves, and you, too, dear auditor, if you are made of penetrable stuff. E. H. Sothern does Chumley, and leaves nothing undone. It is one of those admirable performances in which you are unable to see a fault. Mr. Sothern is a young man, but he has shown, in this and before, a rare talent. Here's another striking example to point an old dictum—he inherits the characteristics that made his father one of the most celebrated actors of his day. The play is bright with wit and exceptionally clever situations.

Confessions of a Young Man, a new English book by a bright literary bohemian of London, George Moore, is one of the most startlingly piquant things I have read for some time. It is written with all the dash and impulse of young blood, and abounds in inordinate conceit and boils over with the author's exultant worldliness. Selfishness and the main chance are the talismans that open the way to success and to enjoyment. He expresses himself with rare clearness and generally with good judgment respecting various literary lions, notably Henry James, W. D. Howells and Robert Louis Stevenson. Brentano is the American publisher.

Lester Wa'lack's Reminiscences, to appear in the October, November and December numbers of *Scribner's Magazine*, will be of rare interest and possess a peculiar value as being the last and only published autobiographical matter from an actor who has been so long and so eminently connected with the stage of America. The portrait to appear as frontis-

piece to the October number was taken this summer at his country place at Stamford.

CARRINGTON.

A Prosperous Firm.

The employees in the well-known firm of H. S. Morison & Co., at 218 Yonge street, are busy bees at this time. During the whole of the week the store has been overcome with visitors from town and country who have not been backward in expressing their admiration at the admirable display of fall and winter goods as displayed in this handsomely appointed house. A specialty of this firm is ladies' and children's wear, and judging by the display of colored goods, seattle, Astrachan and plush wraps, Russian circulars, short walking jackets in the most piquant styles, a rushing business will be done during the exhibition. Green, green and fawn appear to be the leading shades in fall and winter clothing. Morison & Co. show the newest designs in Amazon cloth, cadet blues, gobelins, and their silks are the manufactures of the leading makers. Visitors to the exhibition may go further and fare worse than visit No. 218 Yonge street.

Out of Town.

GUELPH.

Miss Chadwick of the Towers will remain in Guelph this winter.

Miss Richardson has been staying at Rockwood.

The Misses Foster have left Guelph to take up their residence in Toronto and will be much missed by the St. George's choir.

What would Guelph be without the Agricultural College? said one young lady at the tennis club the other day, and what would the college be without Mr. Harry Lea? said the other. We would all like to know if he is coming back.

Why have the ladies discarded red?

Scotch is now the fashion since Mr. Mitchell's advent and it is a difficult language, too.

We have a distinguished foreigner in our midst little known as yet, but he will get there all the same.

We all miss those delightful little teas every Tuesday and Saturday and especially the walk home afterwards.

Mr. E. Sturge leaves for Toronto on the first of next month to continue his studies in that city.

Now that tennis and boating are about over, riding is to be taken up by the Guelph ladies. When the cold season commences our tennis players should remember that all plays and puns on the words "deuce," "love," and "advantage" will be quite out of season.

Mrs. Albert Macdonald, who has been the guest of Mrs. McConkey, returned to Toronto last Friday.

Miss Jennie Brown's friends will be glad to hear that she has been appointed organist of the Baptist Church in place of Mrs. Clark.

Miss Weatherston, who has been spending a week in Toronto, is back in town.

Miss Amy Murray, who has been the guest of Miss Small for some time past, returned to New York on Tuesday.

Messrs. Percy and Harry Torrence spent Sunday here.

Miss Brodie of Toronto, who has been spending two weeks with Miss Guthrie, went home on Saturday.

Mr. Arthur Hogg is out of town and will be away some weeks.

Miss Parker, who has been visiting Mrs. Morris, has returned to Hamilton.

Mr. Keating and Miss May Keating intend taking a trip down the St. Lawrence.

Miss L. Foster, on the eve of her departure for Toronto, was the recipient of a very hand-some writing desk in recognition of her services in connection with the religious exercises at the General Hospital. She will be greatly missed in musical circles in the city as well as at the hospital. Miss Foster was presented with a purse containing \$50 which had been subscribed by the choir and congregation.

The following players were to have represented the Guelph Lawn Tennis Club at Stratford on Saturday, but owing to the heavy rain the tournament had to be put off: Ladies—Miss Holliday, Miss Saunders, Miss Chisholm; gentlemen—Messrs. T. S. C. Saunders, H. Marsack, C. Dunbar, W. A. Higinbotham.

Mr. McConkey, manager Bank of Commerce, is in town again. He enjoyed his holidays immensely, caught any number of big fish, and intends returning to the same place next year.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Webster of Ceylon, are spending a month in Guelph. They are staying with Mrs. Webster on Green street.

Mrs. Finlay and Miss Finlay are enjoying a month at Whitchurch.

Mrs. Harris of Homewood is out of town.

Everything is dreadfully dull just now. Our friends should remember that this is the best time in the year to give a dance. Think of the glorious moon we have this month. Such a number of pretty girls in town and one or two new men.

Miss Kate Parsons of Queen's Park, Toronto, is staying with Miss Connie Keating.

Miss Pipe and Miss Harvie intend visiting Buffalo before they return to Guelph.

We would all like to see the girls put away their cotton dresses and appear in pretty fall costumes. They would be much more becoming at this season.

We would all like to know if Mr. J. Patterson will leave his delightful grove in California to spend Christmas in Guelph.

Miss Eliza Stone's wedding is arranged for the 17th of October.

TWITTER.

BRANTFORD.

Miss Goold and Miss Helen Goold left last Saturday to spend a week in Buffalo.

Miss Nelles of Grimsby is visiting Miss Nita Nelles.

Miss Salter left last week on a visit to Toronto and Brockville.

Dr. A. F. Henwood has returned from Maplehurst, Muskoka, where he has been for the last two weeks. His complexion has assumed the usual delicate brown that the air there imparts.

Miss N. Van Norman has gone to Sarnia for a short visit.

Mr. C. H. Nelles is spending a few days in Buffalo.

Mrs. Powell of Guelph and Miss Haycock of Ottawa spent a day last week with their cousin, Mrs. A. J. Wilkes.

Mr. Harry and Mr. Arthur Yates left suddenly last Tuesday to see a sick friend in Kingston.

Mrs. Muirhead is spending a few weeks with her friends in Sarnia.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Bobb of New Orleans are in Buffalo for the week.

Miss Killmaster left last week for Port Rowan. Miss Newkirk of Bay City, Miss Marks of Bruce Mines, Miss Edith Hewitt, Miss Carey, Miss Nita Nelles and her guest, Miss Nelles of Grimsby, are visiting her, and will be present at her approaching marriage with Mr. J. K. Osborne of this city, which takes place at her father's residence, Port Rowan, next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Stratford will leave town for Port Rowan on Saturday.

A canoeing party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Wilkes, Miss Morton, Miss Helen Morton, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Mr. H. T. Minty and Mrs. Rowley, took the usual trip around the river last Wednesday, and, in spite of the lowness of the water, spent a delightful afternoon.

Good breeding is like affection, one cannot have too much of it.

The Bowling for Blood.

The accident which has closed the career of Mr. Simmons, the aeronaut, will give a new zest to ballooning. Professor Baldwin will probably in future receive £150 per ascent instead of the hundred pounds which he is paid for risking his life at present. Of late the enterprising showman who has engaged Baldwin and his parachute has been compelled to lay stress upon the danger, for, as he very well knows, the chance of seeing the professor killed is half the attraction of the performance. Now that poor Simmons has been mangled out of recognition by a too sudden descent, caused by the collapse of his balloon after collision with a tree, the attractiveness of all aeronautical exhibitions will be increased by at least fifty per cent. Simmons, it seems, had made 494 previous ascents, so that after all the chance of an aeronaut coming down alive is about five hundred to one. But the odd chance has been brought vividly to the public mind, and there will be a certain thrill of excitement every time a man takes his seat in a car, caused by the reflection that when he next touches terra firma he may be a mangled corpse.

The craving for sensation, the longing to be thrilled, are the master passions of this nervous and excitable generation. And after all there is nothing so sensational as death, which is the climax and end of all sensation. Literature, painting, all bear witness to the fact that murder, suicide, or sudden death that is to say, bloodshed in some form or other—is the master spell for enchanting human attention. The young Virginia authoress, Amelie Rives, who wrote *The Quick or the Dead*, in *Lipstick*, has written a tragedy entitled, *Herod and Mariamne*, copious extracts from which appear in the *New York Herald* under the following headline:—"Love, Intrigue, Jealousy, Passion, Lust, Madness, Murder, Death." This tragedy, which is guaranteed to make the reader shudder, represents Herod in one scene as crying, "Oh, God, I choke! Wine there! Nay, blood—blood—blood!" And, adds the journalist, "he gets it." Herod in this cry is not unlike the latest product of civilization. Men and women, choking of ennui, cry for "blood—blood—blood," and Mr. Rider Haggard and others take care that they get their fill of gore. There is no doubt about the demand. In all the annals of crime there is no more revolting episode than that of the murders of Burke and Hare. But to this day the grim and horrible tale of how these men murdered their fellows in order to sell their corpses for the dissecting-table is the most popular subject that a novelist can select. The *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle* could never command a sale until it rehashed the narrative of these murders many years ago, and the *Sheffield Telegraph* is said to be selling at this moment 300,000 copies weekly solely on the strength of Burke and Hare. What is known in the suggestive slang of the profession as "a good, first-class bloody murder," will sell more papers than the most brilliant article that was ever penned. A newspaper circulation is a very accurate gauge of the taste of the public. No man will give a penny for that which does not interest him. Every paper sold represents a wish sufficiently potent to lead to the sacrifice of one penny for the sake of the intelligence the paper contains. Judged by this test, the average man or woman prefers bloody murders served up hot to a poem by Tennyson, the account of a scientific miracle of Edison's or an exquisite prose essay by John Ruskin.

How far will this sanguinary appetite carry us? At this moment in London one of the most popular exhibitions is a reproduction as lifelike as possible of the gladiatorial games of the Roman Coliseum. Twice a day thousands of men, women and children watch with eager interest the mimic representation of the deadly combats in a building as nearly as possible the fac-simile of that where once in Imperial Rome "the buzz of eager nations ran," while "murder breathed her bloody steam" and "man was butchered by his fellow man, and wherefore butchered?" Wherefore but because "the Roman public, jaded and enervated, found life not worth living without the stimulus of the sight of death. We are getting it very like the real thing at Kensington. Buffalo Bill began it with apparent slaughter of Indians. The Arabs at Olympia kept it up with their attacks on the French military train, and now we have killing going on in make-believe at both the Irish and the Italian exhibitions. Where will it stop? The popularity of a hanging in England in old time, and of a guillotining in Paris to-day shows how deep and passionate is the craving to see men killed. Some day perhaps some great artist in realism will arise who will give us the real thing itself. Science and freedom of contract and overpopulation might together bring men first to excuse and then to justify the occasional massacre of Chinese gladiators, who would willingly sell themselves to death—if the price were good enough—to make an English holiday in West Kensington.—*Paul Mall Budget*

On the Way to the Caledonian Games.



Officer O'Grady (recently appointed)—Shop, ye devil! Where's yer pants?

Fergus McTavish McFash (with dignity)—Pants, mon! I ha'e none!

Officer O'Grady—Thin, devil the shitep ye take till ye go into Levi's store and putt up th' harmonicon for a pair o' blue flannins to conserve th' dacency av yer legs. D'ye think ye're at home in Africa, ye haythen baboon!

Knew His Gait.

There was a tramp standing at the corner of Park and High streets the other day when a pedestrian halted and looked him over and said:

"I'll tell you how you can make a quarter."

"Well?"

"Wash your face!"

"And lose \$25 by it! Not much!"

"How would you lose?"

"Why, I go about asking for ten cents to permit me to shave and wash up, and I get it every time. Once I was clean my hold on public sympathy would be gone."

Close at Hand.

Once, said Lawrence Oliphant, I was in a Cornish mine, some hundreds of feet down in the bowels of the earth. Crawling down a ladder, and feeling the temperature was every moment getting warmer, I said to a miner who was accompanying me: "It is getting very hot down here. How far do you think it is to the internal regions?"

"I don't know exactly," he replied, "but if you let go you will be there in two minutes."

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Around Town.

(Continued from Page One.)

jury, jury look at the prisoner! I really feel sorry for poor Drake. Had he been satisfied with one duck, his fate might have been different.

I am informed that a barrister who recently lost his gown was leader of a parochial Y. M. C. A. I don't mention this fact in order to scandalize the association, but merely to point out the oft-repeated truth that while the man who has bad associates is seldom apt to be better than his companions are, the one who endeavors to be noticeable among the truly good is very apt to be worse than those he uses as a ladder to secure his advancement, and this is the reason religious organizations are very frequently scandalized. Those who are pious are apt to be unassuming, and the self-seeking and pretentious are very often permitted to attain prominence. It is too frequently the case that the man who seeks office can seize it, while the one who is fitted sits on the back seat and quietly wonders that the society can be so blind as to make such a selection. Who is to blame? A share of it certainly falls upon those who fail to do their duty, as well as upon those who, without regard to duty, are determined to have everything there is to be had.

The country cousin is here; in the streets, in the hotels, at the fair, the theater, everywhere. His dusty overcoat hangs in the hall; his valise reclines in the spare bed-room, and his unrestrained eloquence reverberates through the dining-room as he tells where he has been and the sights he has seen at the exhibition, and those who wish he sometimes would not be so glowing in his descriptions and so hilarious in his expression, would give a town lot, centrally located, if they had only retained his capacity for enjoyment, and could have for a half-day his undiminished organ of wonder. DON.

Celebrated People Series---No. 2.

THE DUCHESS OF L'BNY.

(See Page One.)

The Duchess of Albany (n^e Princess Helen of Waldeck) is a daughter of the Prince and Princess of Waldeck—Pyrmont, an old Protestant house connected with many of the royal families of Europe. The Duchess is well educated and is a good conversationalist. Prince Leopold met her at Soden, a small watering place, in 1831, became engaged to her the same year, the marriage being consummated in 1832. The young couple lived at Claremont during two short happy years, when the sudden death of the Duke, at Cannes, left her a youthful widow, with one child and the expectation of becoming a mother shortly. The posthumous child is a boy, and bears a strong resemblance, like his father, to the late Prince Consort.

The Vice-Regal Party at Linden Villa.

Linden Villa, the pleasant home of Alderman Hallam, was *en fete* last Tuesday afternoon. The occasion was the presentation of an address from the citizens of Lancashire descent, now resident in Toronto and various parts of the Province, to His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston. Half-past five o'clock was the time mentioned on the cards of invitation, and from that hour onwards a long line of invited guests passed through the arched entrance to Linden Villa admiring the artistic looking shields of maple leaves which bore such appropriate legends as Welcome, Stanley for Ever, Prosperity to Lancashire, Our Queen and Country, The Unity of the Empire, and Canada our Home. Shortly before six o'clock the Vice Regal party, consisting of Lord and Lady Stanley, Miss Lister, Captain Colville, Mr. MacMahon, Mayor Clarke and Alderman Dodds, passed through the south-western entrance to the grounds and took their places on an improvised dais. The address of welcome was read by Mr. Hallam, and was responded to in the heartiest manner by Lord Stanley. During the intervals music was rendered by Taylor's Band, and was thoroughly appreciated by every one present.

At the conclusion of Lord Stanley's reply, little Theodore Douglas Hallam presented a handsome bouquet to Miss Lister, his sister Bessie rendering a similar offering to Lady Stanley.

A large number of guests were presented to His Excellency before the departure of the Vice-Regal Party at 6.30. The entertainment continued until 9.30, the grounds being illuminated by nearly one thousand Chinese lanterns of various designs, whilst a brilliant display of fireworks lent additional interest to an affair which reflects the highest credit on the kind heart and hospitality of Alderman Hallam, whose remarkable energy has brought to a most successful issue the desire of the men of Lancashire to testify their good will towards a distinguished member of the House of Stanley.

Amongst the invited guests were: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon. G. W. Ross, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Mr. Hartley Dewart, Dr. Geo. Hodgings, Archdeacon Boddy, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Mr. W. Walmsley, Capt. Leach, Capt. Manley, Dr. O'Reilly, Judge Paterson and Mrs. Paterson, Judge McDougall, Mr. A. R. Bowell, Mr. James Bain, Jr., Mr. John Davey, Dr. White, Rev. John Neil, Mr. Geo. H. Robinson, Col. Geo. T. Denison, Col. Fred. C. Danison, M.P., Mr. Charles Newberry of Hamilton, Mr. R. S. Williams and wife of Goderich, Mr. John Newton and wife of Limehouse, Mr. David Walker; Mr. T. D. Apadan and wife of Blackburn, Lancashire; Mr. Thomas Lee and wife of Philadelphia, Mr. John Morison, Mr. C. R. W. Biggar, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Mr. Wm. Ince, Mr. Philip Jamieson, Mr. R. T. Coady, Mr. N. Maughan, Mr. Richard Lewis, John Leyo, M.P.P., Mr. George Darby, Mr. John Taylor, Mr. John F. Taylor, Mr. Walter S. Lee, Capt. James Mason, Sheriff Mowat, Dr. Davidson Mr. Stovel, Prof. Hirschfelder, Mr. Frank Somers, Mr. T. C. Irving, Rev. Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Edward Pearson, Mr. Josh Ingham, Mr. John Pape, Mr. R. Burgess, Mr. Hy. Whallyn Neville, Mr. David Smith, Mr. Thos. Armstrong, Mr. Wm. Firstbrook, Mr. J. Owen, Mr. Myles Penning-

ton, Mr. V. Pennington, Mr. Wm. Lea, Mr. John Lea, Mr. Thos. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ramsay, G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P., Mr. Wm. Hamilton, Mr. E. Coatsworth, Chief Ardagh, Dr. A. Smith, Mr. E. P. Roden, the members of the City Council, Mrs. John Taylor, the Misses Taylor, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Bronley, Mrs. W. Walmsley, Mrs. A. E. Denison, the Misses Walker, Mrs. Moffatt and Miss Patter-

son. Those who united with Ald. Hallam in the reception to Lord Stanley were as follows: Mr. Geo. Bruckshaw of Ashton-under-Hyde; Mr. John Gowland, Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Redford, Mr. Joseph Redford, jun., all of Bolton; Mrs. Shuttleworth of Bacup; Mr. John Fletcher of Blackburn; Mr. J. W. Green-Armitage, Mr. Edward Hodgson, Mr. Thomas Hogarth, Mr. Myles Jennington, all of Lancaster; Mrs. G. C. Elliott, Mrs. R. Dickson, Mr. Albert Unsworth, Mr. Richard Unsworth, Mrs. James Patterson, Mr. William D. Firstbrook, Mr. G. Gowland, Mr. John Bolland, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lewis, Miss Jones, Mr. James Stewart, Mr. Frederick Rolling, Mr. David Smith, Mrs. Annie Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. McCrea, Mr. A. M. McCrea, Mr. J. A. McCrea, Mr. H. H. McCrea, Mr. W. McCrea, Mr. E. McCrea, Miss Eva McCrea, Mr. Alfred Sanders, Mr. Alfred Wibby, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Barstow all of Liverpool; Mr. F. Bailey, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. William Walmsley of Bury; Mr. Jas. Duckworth, Miss Esther Hannah Duckworth, Mr. J. T. Hentig, Mr. John Sinclair, Mr. Wm. Braybrook Bayley, Mr. Wm. Bayley, Mr. C. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hilton, Miss Ruth Hilton, Mr. A. W. Armstrong, Mr. A. C. Bird, Mr. Wm. Lea, Mr. John Lea, Mr. J. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dawes, Miss Jones, Mr. James Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, Mr. John Bromley, Mr. George Bromley, Mr. Albert Bromley, Mr. Harry Bromley, Mr. M. A. Bromley, Mr. T. D. Bromley, Mr. B. Bromley, Capt. Leach, Mr. W. F. Pearce, Mr. George Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Coxen, Mr. Geo. Coxen, Mr. George Brooks, jun., Mr. George Brooks, sen., Mr. Wm. A. Firstbrook, Mr. J. G. Owen, Rev. C. H. Banning, Mr. Frank Vipond, Mr. Ben Sykes, Mr. James Salthouse, Mr. Arthur Heath, all of Manchester; Mr. W. H. Hodgkinson, Mr. John Hallam, Mr. James Hallam, Mr. S. Burgess, Mr. James Swift, Mr. John Brindle, Mrs. Susan Robins, Mrs. Alice Clegg, Mr. Joseph Holden, Miss Nancy Holden, Mr. G. Trotter Carr, Mr. John Green, all of Chorley; Mrs. Mercer, Mr. John Clegg, Miss Hannah Baxendale, Mr. Richard Hunt, Mr. John Baxendale, Mr. Wm. Pearson, Mr. V. Pennington, Mr. Elijah Simmons, Mr. Elijah Anna Simmons, all of Preston; Mr. Henry Newham, Mr. and Mrs. Fitton, all of Oldham; Mr. H. Butterworth, Mr. Zeph. Hilton, Mrs. Eliza Hilton, Mr. H. D. Collingwood, Mr. Jas. Bamford, Mr. James Clegg, Mrs. Clegg, Miss Libbie Clegg, Mr. Wm. Bamford.

Danford Roche & Co., the Yonge street dry goods firm, are giving up business, and are holding a sale disposing of their stock. They are very busy.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

HART—On September 8, at 25 Wilcox street, Mrs. S. R. Hart—a son.

MILNE—On September 8, at Toronto, Mrs. R. Y. Milne—twins, boy and girl.

SPARROWHAWK—On September 9, at St. Catharines, Mrs. B. N. Molesworth—a son.

SPARROWHAWK—On September 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. J. Sparrowhawk—a son.

HOWARD—On September 8, at St. Julian's, Georgina, Mrs. John L. Howard—a son.

MCLAREN—On September 8, at Breadalbane, Glengarry County, Ont., Jas. M. McLaren—a son.

SMITH—On September 10, at 34 Wellington place, Mrs. J. C. Smith—a daughter.

McCaul—On September 10, at Lethbridge, N. W. T., Mrs. C. C. McCaul—a daughter.

McNAB—On September 12, at Essex avenue, Montreal, Mrs. William McNab—a son.

Marriages.

MACDONALD—MACALLUM—On September 11, at King, John and McDonald to Cathari: Macallum, of King.

GOODERHAM—NORTHROP—On September 12, at Toronto, George Horace Gooderham to Cora Maud, only child of H. T. Northrop.

CAVERS—MCMILLAN—On September 12, at Galt, John Cavers, manager Imperial Bank of Canada, Galt, to Jennie, youngest daughter of the late James McMillan.

DONHERY—WILSON—On September 12, at Newton Farm, Rev. Albert E. Donher, B.A., of St. Paul's Church, Carluke, to Charlotte Malcolm, youngest daughter of John Duncan.

GODFREY—HASSALL—At Toronto, Henry Godfrey of Toronto to Emily, eldest daughter of Richard Hassall of Toronto.

RENTON—HOLMES—On September 5, John L. Renton, post-office department, Kingston, to Selina E. Holmes, daughter of the late Rev. A. T. Holmes.

SMITH—DENNE—On September 5, Algernon St. Alban Smith of the Bank of Toronto, to Mary, third daughter of Henry Denne of Peterborough.

THOMPSON—WILSON—On September 5, at Peterborough, Fred. M. Thompson of Montreal to Christiana Victoria, second daughter of J. F. Elliott.

TAYLOR—ELDER—On September 6, Jeremy Taylor, accountant of the Bank of British North America, London, Ont., to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Hon. William Elder, A.M., LL.D., of St. John, N. B.

ROBERTSON—MCNAUL—On September 12, at Toronto, Wm. P. Keech to Kie Maude Smith, both of Toronto.

GARRETTE—CRESWELL—On September 4, at Fairview, Lachine, Que., William H. Garrette of Concession, Ont., to Isabella Hastings, eldest daughter of Robert Creswell.

HARRIS—WOOLEY—On September 10, at Parkdale, Tiffi Harris, wife of Wm. Wooley, aged 12 years.

BLAINE—FORTUNE—On September 10, at Galt, Herbert Blaile, of the Hudson's Bay Company, Portage la Prairie, Man., to Martha Gray, fourth daughter of William Fortune of Attwood, Ont.

Deaths.

MCCONAGHY—On September 9, at Richmond Hill, Margaret McConagh, aged 52 years.

MACDONELL—On September 9, at 123 Huron street, Allan Macdonell, aged 79 years.

MASON—On September 10, at Toronto, Maurice Herbert Mason, aged 78 years, son of Maurice and 8 days.

MACKAY—On September 11, at 127 Wellington street west, Alex. S. Macay, aged 60 years.

WOOLSEY—On September 10, at 7 Davenport place, Thomas William Woolsey, aged 12 years.

HORN—On August 29, at Penetanguishene, Wm. Hoar, aged 78 years.

SNIDER—On September 8, at 330 Jarvis street, M. E. Snider, aged 43 years.

BUCHANAN—On August 20, at Aberfoyle, Scotland, Janet McInnes Buchanan, aged 87 years.

BROWN—On September 8, at West York, Mary Brown, aged 87 years.

MARTIN—On September 8, Frank Martin, aged 22 years.

PARKER—On September 8, at Waverley, Ont., Mrs. Kate Parker, aged 64 years.

CLELAND—On September 10, at Toronto, Andrew W. Cleland, aged 21 years.

CLARK—On September 9, at Montreal, J. Curtis Clark, aged 78 years.

COLFER—On September 7, at the Island of Orleans, Que., Lieut.-Colonel George W. Colfer.

DENISON—On September 11, at Bellevue, Toronto, Ellen Louise, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Col. R. Denison.

MORISON—On September 11, at The Elms, Beverley street, Ont., Mrs. L. Morison, aged 84 years.

MICHAIL—On September 10, Adèle Michel, McGivern, aged 31 years.

BARRY—On September 11, at Malone, N. Y., Francis Barry, aged 88 years.

CHESTER—In Township of Equesing, County Halton, William Chester, aged 72 years.

BOSWORTH—On September 11, at Port Rowan, Edwin George Bosworth, aged 17 years.

AYRE—On September 12, at Toronto, Charles Alfred Ayre, aged 17 years.

AUTOGRAPH FAC-SIMILES

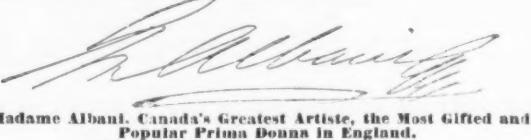
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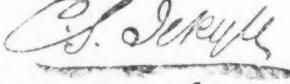
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The Most Wonderful Pianist and Musician of this Century.

For beauty of tone, and excellence of mechanism and workmanship, I consider these instruments of high-class production, and think Mason & Risch worthy to rank among the first manufacturers of the world.



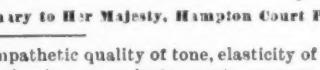
Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.

Owing to its (Mason & Risch Upright Piano) far-reaching artistic excellence, it meets all the requirements of the Concert or Drawing Room, and will, by its solidity of construction and durability be especially serviceable for the educational requirements of Conservatories.



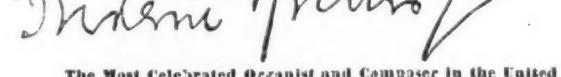
Director of the Grand Ducal Orchestral College and Conductor of the Royal Court Orchestra, Weimar, Germany.

After a careful examination of your Pianos I have no hesitation in saying that they are fine in tone, most excellent in touch, and the damping power, perfect. Indeed, I have for the first time met with this only in your pianos.



Organist in Ordinary to Her Majesty, Hampton Court Palace.

It is an undeniable fact that both for sympathetic quality of tone, elasticity of touch, and artistic finish in every detail of the mechanism, your instruments compare favorably with those of the most eminent makers, both in Europe and America.



The Most Celebrated Organist and Composer in the United States formerly of the Alexandra Palace, London, England.

Your pianos are all in possession of a rich, mellow, musical tone, and respond quickly to all efforts of the player. I was not previously aware that pianos of such artistic merit were manufactured in Canada.



Pianist of the New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, formerly Court Pianist to His Majesty, King of Denmark.

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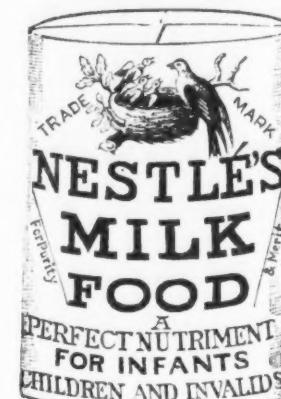
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